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A PERILOUS SITUATION.

THE PRODUCERS OF THE COUNTRY IN DANGER FROM SILVER DEMAGOGUES AND POPULISTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE UNITED STATES AS A GREAT POWER.

THE outbursts of a truculent Jingo spirit to which men of such prominence in American politics as Senators FRYE, LODGE, and MORGAN have treated the world could not fail to attract public attention in foreign parts. Especially in England, the country against which those ferocious demonstrations are mainly directed, they have called forth expressions of sentiment which it behooves every patriotic American having the welfare and the honor of this republic sincerely at heart calmly to consider. The London *Economist*, a journal whose candor and moderation are well known, in its issue of March 23d, spoke thus: "It is needless to say that there is no power in Europe so great that it does not regret and even dread a dispute with the United States; but still, it is possible to carry deference too far, and sooner or later these recurring incidents will lead to regrettable complications. Europe, as a whole, may even be compelled to ask the government at Washington whether it does or does not claim any especial rights within North and South America and Hawaii, and if so, what these rights are. Does the Union claim to be the protector, in the modern sense, of Spanish and Portuguese America; or does it regard all the powers within those limits as its dependent allies? In either case, does it acknowledge itself to be in any sense answerable for their conduct?" These questions, the pertinency as well as the respectful tone of which no fair-minded man will deny, are evidently based upon the supposition that our national government shares, or may be induced to share, the sentiments shouted forth by our boisterous fire-eaters.

Other English papers express themselves in a similar strain — not all, however, with the same moderation. But the admission that European powers are anxious to go out of the way of a quarrel with the United States, and that they submit to more rudeness from this republic than from any other country, is common to them all. Clearly this republic is treated by all European powers, Great Britain included, as a sort of privileged character. The reason is not far to seek. It is not that European powers are sentimentally fond of us; for they are not. Neither is it that their interests, as they conceive them and would like to assert them, never come into conflict with our interests or pretensions; for such conflicts do occasionally occur. The reason is simply that no European power can venture upon a war with the United States without very seriously, if not fatally, compromising its position with regard to other European powers that may be, or, tempted by favorable opportunity, may become, hostile to it. It is true, neither the little army nor the little navy we possess would, in the hands of anybody else, terrify any first-class power in any part of the world. But our resources are so immense, the warlike capacities and the staying power of our people are so great, and the geographical situation of the United States renders our territory practically so unassailable, that, even if at the time we had no army or navy at all ready to hand, a war with the United States would be to any European power, or any conceivable combination of European powers, without visible end, and expose it to chances which no prudent government would take, except in the most desperate extremity.

This they all know, and for this reason they frankly confess, not, perhaps, without a secret sense of humiliation, that, as things now stand, they would rather submit to anything compatible with honorable existence than have a warlike conflict with the United States. This country, therefore, has nothing to fear from any of those powers. On the contrary, they think that they have much to fear from us, and they will go any imaginable length of concession to keep us in good-humor. We do not mean to say that we might not, by an insolence or rapacity greater than human nature can bear, at last succeed in forcing some of them into war. But then it will be a war of our own seeking, not of theirs. In fact, our position among the powers of the earth is so commanding that every demand put forth on our part with any degree of fairness and decency will find everywhere ready acquiescence.

This position is certainly an enviable one. But if we have any ambition to be a nation of gentlemen, we should never forget that such extraordinary power carries with it corresponding duties and responsibilities. If a demand made by us derives almost irresistible force from the mere fact that we make it, we should always regard it as a point of honor to demand only what is just and right. If we are so strong that we can insult, humiliate, and despoil others with impunity, we should feel ourselves doubly in honor bound to be scrupulously mindful not only of the rights but also of the self-respect of those with whom we have to deal. There is no nation that can so easily, by the mere exertion of its *moral* power, preserve its own peace and attain its just ends as the United States; and there is no nation that, by maintaining the highest standard of integrity and honor in its dealings with others, might so easily become the natural arbiter of international dissensions, and thus contribute most effectively to the maintenance of the peace of the world.

No patriotic man can contemplate the exalted place thus open to the United States among the nations of the earth without being disgusted at the so-called "American" statesmanship of the FRYES and the LODGES and the MORGANS, which would degrade this republic to the level of a common ruffian and bully constantly strutting about with a chip on his shoulder, defying any one to touch it. There is something inexpressibly vulgar and contemptible in the eternal balderdash that European powers, which are only too glad to remain on good terms with us, are incessantly seeking to insult us, and that we need a big navy, and "keys" and "outposts" in various parts of the world, to protect our commerce against their insolence and rapacity. Those who indulge in such talk lack not only good sense and respect for the truth, but the first conception of the true power and dignity of their country. It has always been the just pride of the American people that they are the only great nation in the world which does not need a large army or navy. Our moral authority, well taken care of and asserted with dignity, will be far more powerful than thousands of big guns. Shall we surrender this inestimable privilege to a few reckless ranters who shout for a spirited foreign policy which is ruffianism, and for a delusion of greatness which means degradation and dishonor?

THE REAL ISSUE.

MR. CLEVELAND has once more stated clearly and definitely the most important political issue before the country. In his letter to the Chicago business men, after urging upon the advocates of "honest money" the necessity of "an aggressive effort to disseminate among the people safe and prudent financial ideas," and of the crystallization and combination of the "sound-money sentiment abroad in the land," he concluded by saying, "Disguise it as we may, the line of battle is drawn between the forces of safe currency and those of silver monometallism."

The boldness of the utterance is entirely characteristic of the President. This sentence is as fresh and invigorating to those who recognize the truth of the situation as was the tariff message of 1887 to the Democrats who had grown weary of pretending that they were really better friends of protection than REED or MCKINLEY or the entire Republican party. It recognizes a fact to which few well-informed men have been blind, but which nearly all politicians have endeavored to conceal by evasions. They have announced that they are "friendly to silver," and they have hesitated to speak the truth that was in their minds, as MR. CLEVELAND has spoken it in explicit terms. And now that the issue is framed it ought to be understood that those who, as the President says, hold the "sound-money sentiment" are called upon to contend against those who are doing their utmost to place the money system of this country on the basis that obtains in Japan, Mexico, South America, India, and China. When they state their case hereafter let them not say that they are for "sound money," and, above all, let them not mawkishly pretend to be "friendly to silver." MR. BLAND says that the "free coinage of gold and silver always gave to the people sound and safe money." Governor ALTGELD, the friend of the anarchists, says that the gold dollar is the "most dishonest dollar ever in demand." All silver men, who are the deluded followers of the mine-owners, profess to be for "sound money," so that the expression has come to be wellnigh meaningless. The opponents of the free coinage of silver by this country either favor the single gold standard or are international bimetallists, and are arrayed against silver monometallism. In the opinion of such men the advocates of free coinage are bent on debasing the standard of value by driving gold out of circulation. The issue is between a standard of value that is the standard of the powerful and foremost nations of the commercial world and a standard that is adopted by the weak and half-civilized nations. There is no such issue as that which the international bimetallists imagine. The country is not to be called upon to decide whether it shall force the world to bimetallism. Even if international bimetallism were possible, in the first place, the country has no power to compel it, and, in the second place, neither the gold nor the silver monometallists believe that the country has any such power. The silver men believe that this country can alone maintain silver against the great commercial nations of the world, and they are exerting all their power and ingenuity to secure the adoption of free coinage, which to the gold monometallists and to real bimetallists must mean nothing less than the eventual banishment of gold and the establishment of silver as the only money of the country.

Whenever a possible international agreement has been suggested in Congress, those who most derided the idea were the silver Congressmen, and they are now doing nothing to further such an agreement. MR. BLAND evidently thinks only of a battle of the standards in this country, while the silver newspapers and all of their way of thinking are urging nothing but the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Democratic State Committee of Illinois, being dominated by silver men, has called a convention, to meet at Springfield, in that State, on the 4th of June. This convention is not called for the purpose of nominating candidates for office or to discuss a coming international conference, but to consider the money question entirely with reference to the declared purpose of committing the Democratic party to the advocacy of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Therefore, as the free coinage of silver in this country means silver monometallism, it is high time, as the President suggests, that the contest should be made against that, and on that basis alone. There is not a single opponent of free coinage, including sincere bimetallists, who believes that silver and gold can be maintained by this country alone on an equal footing at the existing ratio. There are probably some out-and-out advocates of free coinage who know that the two metals cannot remain long together at any fixed ratio, but such men, as a rule, are perfectly willing that the rest of the country should pay the enormous cost of keeping them together for the profits that will enure from such a policy to the owners of the silver mines. The forces that ought to unite against the silver movement that is now going on, and that is seemingly making great headway in the West, are the international bimetallists, who have faith in the ability of all the commercial nations of the world, acting together, to maintain the parity of the two metals, and those who frankly believe in a single gold standard. This is not the time to divide on experimental or academic lines. The international bimetallists, who are represented by General FRANCIS A. WALKER, are probably as deeply convinced as the strictest gold monometallists of the necessity of keeping our money system the same as that which at the time prevails in Europe. They know that disaster will result to the producers of the country, many of whom are among BLAND'S most deluded followers, if the United States become a silver monometallist country. They cannot doubt that the issue is as the President has stated it. They cannot name a single leader of the silver men in public life who is showing any faith in the practicability of an international conference. On the contrary, as we have already indicated, all their energies and enthusiasms are for the establishment of free coinage in this country, and as such free coinage means silver monometallism, all the elements that are opposed to that disaster-fraught condition ought to consolidate against the existing silver movement. The immediate task is to spread abroad the right doctrine, to educate the people so that the next Congress shall not be dominated by a majority that will enact a free-coinage law.

There is much evidence that this task need not be one of discouraging difficulty. The opponents of silver monometallism are springing up everywhere throughout the country. The letter from the Chicago business men, to which the President's communication was a reply, and the purpose of the writers to enter upon a campaign of education, bear testimony to a fact that is full of significance, the fact that the sound business sentiment of the West is in substantial agreement with that of the East. The evidence of the importance which the silver propagandists themselves attach

to this sentiment is to be found in the attempt of the author of Coin's mendacious "Financial School" to make it appear that the pretended young financier really holds arguments with the leading business men of Chicago, and easily overthrows them. The arguments, of course, never took place. Coin's book tells an untruth every time one of them is described, but it is clear from the attempt that it is deemed important to destroy the influence which is exerted by men like Mr. GAGE and Professor LAUGHLIN in financial matters. Most of the strong newspapers of the West and South are also against silver monometallism, and there is much to hope for from a vigorous and intelligent campaign of education.

THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE PEACE TREATY.

Is the war ended? That, we believe, is the question which is uppermost in most reflecting minds.

In arranging terms of peace, the Japanese have shown themselves at home in treaty-making as in the conduct of a great and costly war. Their demands from a Chinese point of view are doubtless considered severe. But, looked at from the point of view of the conqueror, they are reasonable and just. To the outside world the treaty, so far as we are in possession of details, commends itself as such treaties go. The indemnity money is relatively small. The concessions in land are large. Some of them, however, are probably of a temporary character, and to be held only until the indemnity money is paid.

So much having been said, the question with which we started is still pertinent. Is the war in the East ended? Formosa, it would seem, is to be ceded in perpetuity to Japan. This arrangement cannot be pleasing either to Great Britain or to France, both of whom have fixed hungry eyes on the island. The occupation of Manchooria must be especially offensive to Russia, whose heart is set on the possession of at least a part of that territory, and who will not be satisfied until she has secured Port Lazaroff, on the western coast of Corea, and made it at once the terminus of her Siberian railroad and a grand naval depot. If Russia make a demand for Port Lazaroff, Great Britain will occupy Port Hamilton. France will be equally hungry, and Germany will not be contented to be a mere on-looker while the others are having their wants supplied. In view of these possibilities, the situation is not yet absolutely reassuring. If war should break out, it will be with new combatants for new issues and on a much larger scale, but the reasons against making war at all in this day and generation are so potent that an actual conflict is always to be doubted until the very moment of its breaking out.

THE ALBANY CONSPIRACY.

THE majority in the State Senate is proceeding with reference to New York city legislation as if the election of last fall had resulted in the triumph of HILL in the State and of Tammany in the city. Not only the bills that are reported and passed, but the speeches that have been made by such Senators as LEXOW, RAINES, and O'CONNOR, show clearly that the PLATT Republicans in that branch of the Legislature do not take the people seriously. They have no fear, apparently, that punishment will follow the defiance of the popular verdict for reform, and especially for the reform of the abuses disclosed by Mr. GOFF before the LEXOW committee.

The passage of the bipartisan police bill, the determination to turn offending policemen over to the tender mercies of their fellow-offenders, like the delay in the passage of the school bill and the police magistrates' bill, are gloomy presages of the final defeat of reform to many earnest men who were leaders in the movement which seemed to result in so signal a triumph. But there is always room for hope so long as anything remains to be done. It may be that the Assembly will be induced to favorable action on other reform bills besides the bill for the public schools. And then there is the Mayor, who will object to the passage of any measures that are injurious to the interests of the city; and finally there is the Governor, who has more than once given evidence of independence of PLATT, and who has a political ambition that will certainly be grievously disappointed if he does the bidding of the unholy alliance that appears to have been established between the Republican and Democratic machines.

Much evil was to have been anticipated from the Senate. It was the bad Senate of a year ago. Its members had not stood the hazard of the new election. The Assemblymen, however, have come fresh from the people, and they ought to entertain a more lively fear of the people, for many of them, even some whose antecedents have not commended them to good citizens, owe their seats to the awakened wrath of the voters. It is greatly to be regretted that the absorbing interest of the municipal campaign gave to the hack politicians of both parties the opportunity to slip into the Legislature, there to become the grotesque instrumentalities for carrying out the expected reforms. But now that they are there, they must be dealt with as the occasion demands. It is clear from a number of instances—from the thin disguises of divisions in the Republican ranks, which have almost, if not quite invariably, gratified the desires of Tammany—that a conspiracy has been entered into against the welfare of the city, and in that conspiracy, we regret to say, Speaker FISH is to be counted. He has already gone so far in his servility to PLATT that the result which the WEEKLY urged him to avoid has happened. He has brought disgrace to one of the most honored names of the State, and nothing good is to be expected from him. But the Assembly should be made the target of such a storm of public indignation that PLATT and FISH and their followers on the floor cannot stand against it. It may be next to impossible to secure the passage of the reform bills, but it is not yet impossible to prevent the passage of laws that will legalize crime.

There are men in this Legislature who ought to be marked for absolute ostracism from public employment hereafter. Among them are Speaker FISH and Senators O'CONNOR and LEXOW. Others should accompany them into private life, and should share with them the penalties of their wrong-doing. But these are the leaders. The people of New York, having discovered that a secret combination existed between the bosses of the two parties by which the police carried on the business of extortion and blackmail, protecting vice for money and oppressing the poor and helpless, resolved that the reign of crime should come to an end. But the Republican partner of the combination, through the agency of the men we have named and their fellows, has resolved that such a combination shall hereafter be protected and enforced by statute, to the end that no such disaster shall happen to the vicious as that which overtook PLATT and CROKER at the last election.

It will be strange, now that the conspiracy stands revealed, if the people of New York cannot prevent its consummation; stranger still, if adequate punishment is not meted out to the conspirators.

PARTY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.

THE movement that is going on in British politics is as interesting as any that is taking place in any country in the world. It is a movement of shiftings and changes, of sudden surprises, of strange temporary alliances often followed by the unforeseen severance of ties. All this incertitude, this mobility, is not due to the unsettled condition of the Irish question. It is greatly aided and promoted by the broadened democracy of the empire. The laboring-men in the House of Commons more seriously disturb the calculations of old-fashioned politicians than the Home-Rulers. Indeed, if it were not for Radicals and working-men, with their demands and programmes, the Liberals would have long since been out of power on account of the division between the two factions of the Irish members.

The most interesting symptom of the fact that the two great leading parties no longer actually control the destinies of the empire is the Tory revolt against Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, once a radical of the radicals, has been the one commoner who has done most to defer the fruition of Mr. GLADSTONE'S desire to secure home-rule for Ireland. It has been charged that he has betrayed every cause with which he has been connected, but this is hardly a fair accusation. It is true, indeed, that he was once a member of a GLADSTONE government, but he was not placed in office because he was entirely in sympathy with the premier, but because he was the representative of radicalism. His alliance, too, with the Conservative party has been for the purpose of accomplishing one object only, the defeat of the Irish, and beyond that he is apparently no more a Conservative than he ever was. Radical as he has been, he is above all an Englishman, believing firmly in the necessity of preserving the union for the honor, dignity, and strength of the empire.

The Tories have never liked Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his alliance. The Liberal Unionists seem to them to deprive them of some seats which, in the present state of politics, ought to be theirs on the home-rule issue. Events, and especially the results in recent by-elections, have pointed to a Unionist triumph in the next general election, which must soon be held, and the Tories naturally believe that Unionism is Conservatism, and that they could elect a majority of the new House of Commons without the aid of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers. They therefore resent his demand for seats for his party, and especially for the seat made vacant by the resignation of the late Speaker, Sir ARTHUR PEEL. They have a candidate of their own for that succession; but the late Speaker's son, who is a Liberal Unionist, is also a candidate, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sustains him. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is also accused of plotting against the selection of Mr. COURTENEY as Speaker, who was regarded as the best and most experienced member of the Commons for that office both by the Conservatives and by some of the government forces. This intrigue, for so it is named, threw the election more into politics than is usual in an election for the Speakership of the House of Commons, for it enabled the Radicals to force Mr. GULLY upon the government. Some of the Tory papers are therefore attacking Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and insisting that their leaders shall put an end to the alliance with him and his associates.

If they succeed, a Conservative or even a Union majority in the next House of Commons is not so certain as it was, and we shall see in that body a more definite division of the members into groups. The Liberals and the Conservatives will, of course, constitute the two leading opposing forces, but it is likely that neither alone will have the necessary votes to carry measures. There will be the Irish, the Radicals, the Labor men, and the Chamberlainites. What is most interesting in the situation to the student of government is the tendency of the English Parliament away from the traditional party divisions to a group system that resembles that of the French Chamber.

AS TO GIFT MONUMENTS.

No one thinks it an incivility nowadays to look a gift horse in the mouth. Horses are cheap and plentiful; there are a great many which their owners would be glad to bestow on a merciful recipient, and it is a matter of common caution for the recipient to ascertain whether the horse is worth his keep. An analogous hesitation is becoming to cities to which statues are offered. A horse eats while you keep him, and it is hard to get rid of a gift horse if he is of no use. A statue does not eat, but once accepted and set up on a good site it occupies valuable space, and it is very much more difficult to displace it if it proves objectionable than to decline it in the first place. A gift statue should be scrutinized with the greatest care both in the mouth and elsewhere. The awful experience of sundry American cities with the monstrous COGSWELL effigies some years ago has made them more cautious than they were, but some of them are still a little slow to realize the fact that because a statue is offered to them gratis is a very inadequate reason for accepting it. The assignment of a good site in any city to a monument of any sort is a very serious matter. The monument should never be accepted unless it is worthy of acceptance as a work of art, and stands for some one or something which it is desirable that the community accepting it should remember. The hesitation of the city of New York to accord a good site to the HEINE fountain which has been offered to it is entirely proper, and should not be felt to be discourteous by the German societies who wish to have the monument received. There is far more reason for New York to accord a site to a monument to WALT WHITMAN or EDGAR A. POE than to HEINE. If a site is granted to the HEINE fountain it should be one the prominence of which bears due relation to HEINE'S value as a patriot and a poet to the people of this community.

There is more to be said in favor of the statue of WILLIAM the Silent which the Holland Society may possibly offer to the city. WILLIAM was a world's hero whose record is part of our history in the same sense if not the same degree that JOHN HAMPDEN'S is. Wherever his effigy stands in any republic it must be a grand and inspiring figure. Yet it seems doubtful whether New York can spare such a site for WILLIAM of Orange as the Holland Society would wish. He was a great Dutchman, but there is coming a time in New York when monuments will be plenty and sites scarce, and it is no more than reasonably thrifty to hold the best sites for great Americans.

America for the Americans is a cry that is liable to abuse in its application to men, but in so far as it concerns statues and monuments it is a very reasonable cry, and fit to be regarded.

THE COST OF THE POSTAL SERVICE.

A STATEMENT just prepared by the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-office Department shows that, comparing the last quarter of the calendar year 1894 with the last quarter of the calendar year 1893, there has been an increase of nearly seven per cent. in the revenues of the Post-office Department from the sale of stamps. This shows that the postal service is returning to its normal earning condition, though it has not reached that condition yet. In fact, the earnings for the last quarter of 1894 are not so much an improvement on the earnings of 1892 as the earnings of the last quarter of the previous year (1893) should have been.

The normal increase in the earnings of the Post-office Department is eight per cent. a year. When the panic of two years ago occurred, with its consequent business depression, the Postmaster-General estimated the increase of revenue for the following year at only three per cent. But he overestimated. There was in fact no increase, but a decrease of one per cent. in postal revenues in the fiscal year 1894 compared with the fiscal year 1893. The reports of postmasters for the first and second quarters of the fiscal year 1895 (the last two quarters of the calendar year 1894) have reached the Sixth Auditor, and they show that the revenue for the fiscal year 1895 will be probably seven or eight per cent. greater than the revenue for the year 1894. Unless the increase should prove to be more than this though, a year has been lost in the progress of the postal service toward the condition of self-support. Only a few years ago the Postmaster-General believed that the day when postal revenues would equal postal expenditures was near at hand. Mr. WANAMAKER, who was then at the head of the Post-office Department, even considered seriously the possibility of increasing expenditures, on the theory that the postal service should not be self-supporting; for Mr. WANAMAKER held that the carrying of the mail was a great public good to which the taxpayer should contribute. Mr. WANAMAKER'S successor, Mr. BISSELL, held a different opinion. In his last annual report to Congress he expressed the belief that "the best condition of postal business—the condition from which the greatest general benefit to the country is derivable—is that in which there shall be enough revenue to provide for thorough and efficient administration without any charge whatever to the public Treasury."

If the free business carried for other departments of the government were paid for in cash, the Post-office Department would be self-sustaining. This argument has been used frequently by the advocates of cheaper postage. One-cent postage may be a thing of the future; but if it be, its coming has been delayed by the unfortunate business conditions of the last two years. There will probably not be one-cent letter postage while there is a deficiency of six million dollars in the postal budget.

PROFESSOR J. D. DANA.—Died April 14, 1895.

JAMES DWIGHT DANA.

As I have read, in the daily newspapers published since the death of James Dwight Dana, the simple statements of fact in regard to the life of that veteran Yale professor, it has seemed to me that this collocation of facts possessed a certain rather fine and unusual eloquence. His labors extended through so many years, over so many known fields of science, into so many regions, apt for scientific research, but, until he came, unknown, unexplored, by him first won, and then freely shared with other less patient investigators. And his labors were so magnificent in their aim, which would not stop short of the whole story of the earth, onward from that day when the sun launched it to cruise an ascertainable number of years in the ocean of ether—a magnificent ambition for his science, contrasted with personal ambition that scarcely exceeded the desire to serve and to live serviceably. Beginning with adventures in uttermost parts, drawing to its close in academic security, his life recalls the progression that is marked in Arthur Hugh Clough's lines:

"'Tis but to prove limitation and measure a cord that we travel:
Let who would 'scape and be free, sit in his chamber and think."

Moreover, his labors were so fruitful! If he had fashioned a new theory to popularize each important discovery that he made, his fame would have been certainly very great indeed, and perhaps it would have been greater than that of any other scientist in this nineteenth century. But all such speculation is idle. One has only to frame such a conjecture in words, and set down the words on paper, in order to see what an inferior thing conjecture is—how much more energy, vitality, value, there is in a few carefully co-ordinated facts than in ever so much speculation; and thus by inadvertence, and unexpectedly, one is led to a still higher appreciation of Professor Dana's character. For, during more than sixty years, from 1833, when, at the age of twenty, he was graduated at Yale, almost until his death (which occurred on Easter-day), he resolutely collected and co-ordinated facts. Meanwhile speculation and conjecture, dealing with the facts of geology and biology, applying them to the problems of society, of philosophy, of religion, have made individual reputations while overthrowing systems of belief.

It would be invidious to mention here the names—the familiar names—of those who have come, achieved greatness in the same departments of learning, and gone, while these sixty years have been passing. The facile men have also their use and their reward. No science has more numerous affiliations than geology. Looking to the other branches of science which deal with the earth and with life upon the earth, its own peculiar domain—the rocky framework—has not confined its scope, but it has been borrowing and lending until its accounts with astronomy, chemistry, and all the rest, are so long that a balance can never be struck. And special students with a taste for literary expression have been addressing the public from all of these various stand-points. In the retrospect it now appears that in many instances they have been loquacious guides, leading the unwary through a museum which another man's industry had filled with specimens; that they have taken up one specimen after another, and have discoursed so zealously, so confidently, that to them the ownership of the museum has been popularly ascribed.

Which does not make the smallest particle of difference. Unquestionably such a worker as Professor Dana has a larger measure of happiness than could come from popular applause. The saying, "The difficult thing is the true joy," where it stands as the motto of the Leipzig Gewandhaus, bears the stress on its second word. It is the *difficult* thing that the musician must cultivate. But the man who has required truth to come forth from its hiding in the rocks, re-creating the world, can well take the difficult things for granted; and his life, shifting the stress to the final word, proves that for him the difficult thing was the true *joy*.

Marrion Wilcox.

THE LATE GOVERNOR MARVIL.

Joshua Hopkins Marvil, Governor of Delaware, who died April 8th at Laurel, Delaware, was an admirable example of the man who wins success through his own efforts despite many discouragements. He was born in Sussex County, September 3, 1825. Upon the death of his father, who left a widow and six children, the burden of helping to provide for them left him small opportunity for education for some time. After a short experience of seafaring life he worked at ship-building seven years. It was while he was thus engaged that he began to make practical use of the inventive faculty with which he was gifted in unusual degree. When he was twenty-eight he established himself in the manufacture of agricultural implements. This was the beginning of the business of making fruit-

JOSHUA HOPKINS MARVIL.

baskets, which, as a result of the improvements in machinery that he introduced, rapidly gained for him a fortune.

His political ambitions, whatever they may have been, had no important realization until 1894, though his name had more than once been mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for Governor. In November last he was elected to that office, and was the first Republican to occupy the position for a long period. Mr. Marvil was highly esteemed, specially for his charitable spirit. Upon his death, as there was no Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker of the State Senate, William T. Watson, a Democrat, became Governor.

JAMES HULME CANFIELD.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

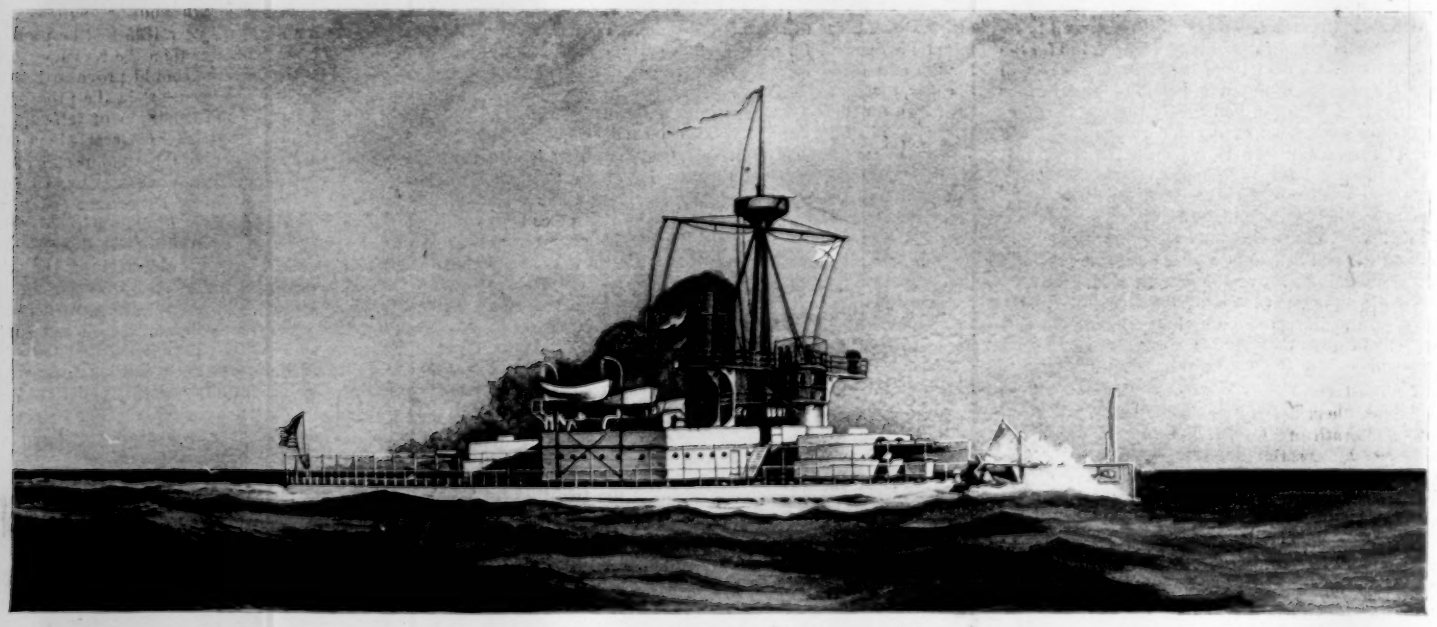
James Hulme Canfield, the present Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, has just been elected President of the Ohio State University, in which State he was born, in the town of Delaware, March 18, 1847.

He removed to Vermont, however, in his ninth year, and was educated at the Polytechnic and Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York, and at Williams College, Massachusetts. On his graduation in 1868 he engaged for three years in railroad construction, and at the same time kept up his studies, and was admitted to the bar in Jackson, Michigan, in 1872. He continued the practice of the law in St. Joseph of that State for five years, taking a prominent part in public affairs, serving two terms as Circuit Court Commissioner, and for three years acting as Superintendent of the city schools.

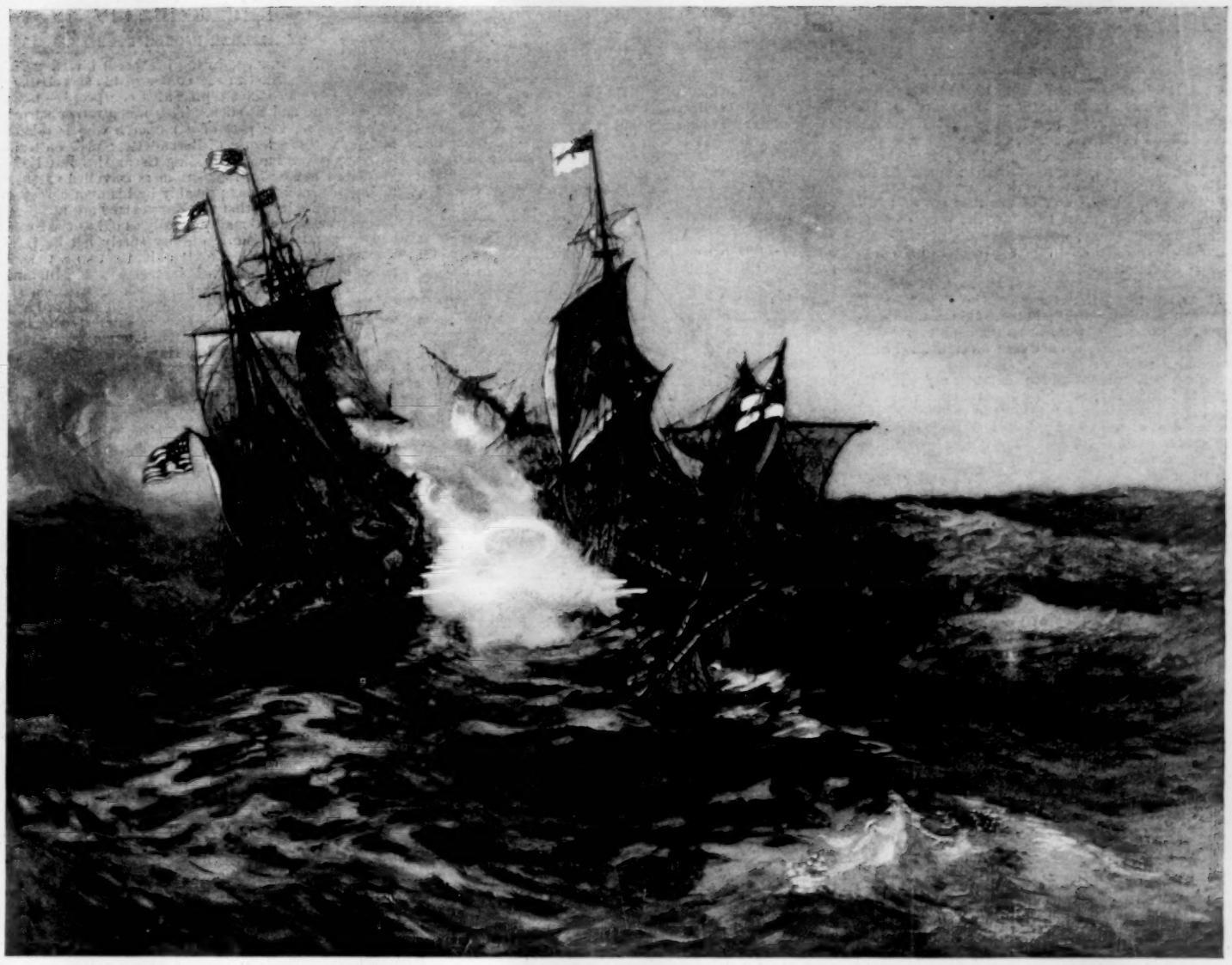
In 1877 he was called to the State University of Kansas as Professor of History and English Literature, and remained there until 1891, filling successively the chairs of History and Political Science and American History and Civics. In 1891 he was elected to the Chancellorship of the University of Nebraska, which position he now holds. Under his able and successful administration the University rose rapidly in importance among the educational institutions of the West.

Chancellor Canfield's interest in education has extended far beyond the confines of the particular institutions with which he has been connected, and he has taken a foremost stand in all educational movements, not only in his own section, but in the whole country. In both Kansas and Nebraska he was President of the State Teachers' Association. He served four years as Secretary of the National Educational Association, and as its President in 1890. He is at present first Vice-President of the American Economic Association, and is a member of the American Historical Society, Cambridge Political Economy Club, American Association of Civics, National Council of Education, and many other educational and civic associations. He was chosen to deliver the oration at the recent centennial celebration of Williams College, his Alma Mater, and has received the degree of LL.D. from the same institution. He has been constantly before the people of Kansas and Nebraska as a public speaker for the last eighteen years, and although he has taken no part whatever in active politics, he was frequently mentioned as a possible compromise candidate to succeed Senator Ingalls in 1891, and to succeed Senator Paddock in 1893.

He is an earnest member of the Episcopal Church, and active in its councils.



THE NEW COAST-DEFENCE MONITOR "AMPHITRITE."—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.—[See Page 402.]



THE ACTION AT CLOSE QUARTERS—"PEACOCK" AND "EPERVIER," APRIL 29, 1814.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE "PEACOCK" AND "EPERVIER."

BY JAMES BARNES.

"CAPTAIN L. WARRINGTON, of Virginia, has been given the command of the *Peacock*, sloop of war of eighteen guns. He expects soon to set sail and cruise to the southward in search of the enemy."

Such is the personal note appearing in that enterprising newspaper, *The Register*, published in March, 1814.

The Captain Warrington referred to was but little known to the country at large, but those in a position of influence in the Naval Department must have discerned his worth and well estimated his valor, for they had given him command of the gallant little *Peacock*, of eighteen guns (really mounting twenty-two) and a crew of one hundred and sixty men.

In the middle of March he sailed from New York Harbor, and cruised, without events of much importance, along the Florida shore as far as Cape Canaveral. On the 29th of April, in latitude 27° 47′ north, and 80° 9′ west longitude, the lookout spied three sails off to the windward. From the cut of the third, a brig, it was easy to mark her as a man-of-war.

Upon the appearance of the *Peacock* the merchantmen hauled their wind, and the brig bore away for the American. She gallantly commenced the action, and at no time showed a disposition to take advantage of being to windward and escaping with her consorts.

There was no hailing and little manœuvring. The two vessels began to fire at each other as soon as they were within range. In the beginning of the action the *Peacock* received two thirty-two-pound shot in her fore-yard, and her head-sails were rendered almost useless. She was compelled to run at large; and again was proved, what no authority on the other side could ever deny, the infinitely superior gunnery that existed under the system in vogue in the American navy.

For a long time after the war there was much controversy concerning the weights of armament of the vessels engaged in single actions between this country and Great Britain. In this affair it is only just to say that the *Peacock* carried thirty-two more in her crew; the number of guns was exactly the same, but the *Peacock's* broadside was about one and one-quarter pounds heavier to the gun.

The action was continued for some time at close quarters, and once Captain Warrington drew off and hailed to ascertain whether his antagonist had struck, for her flag had been shot away.

On renewing the engagement the uselessness of continuing to fight was soon made apparent to the commander of the *Epervier*. She had received no less than forty-five shot in her hull, and had twenty-two men killed and wounded; the maintopmast was over her side. In fact, all her standing rigging and spars were injured, and five feet of water was already in her hold.

In hauling off to count up his injuries, Warrington discovered, to his delight, that not one round shot had reached his hull, that not one of his crew was killed, and only two were wounded. The effect of this news and the easy victory stimulated the Americans to tremendous exertion in trying to save the prize.

Upon boarding her it was discovered that she carried $118,000 in specie, and must have been a fine vessel when she commenced the action. With great difficulty the Americans succeeded in stopping some of the shot-holes beneath water, and turned all attention to caring for the prisoners and wounded, reeving new rigging and staying the tottering mainmast.

The prize had struck at 11 A.M. At sunset she was in a comparatively safe position and sail could be made. To his horror, the American commander had found upon boarding the *Epervier* that three impressed American seamen by the names of Johnson, Peters, and Roberts had been killed. Often and often had it occurred that the impressed sailors for whom the United States had gone to war had been compelled to take up arms and serve the guns directed against the vessels of their own country. The anger at the news of these outrages must have done much to animate the brave seamen who sought to revenge them.

A contemporary speaks of the *Epervier* in this fashion: "She is one of the finest vessels of her class belonging to the enemy built in 1812. She appears to have been one of their '*bragging vessels*,' for it is said that when she left London bets were made that she would take an American sloop of war or a small frigate." The odds must have been laid against events of that character thereafter.

Warrington determined to save the prize if possible, and placed her in command of Lieutenant J. B. Nicholson, with orders to proceed at once to Savannah. Knowing, however, that British vessels thronged the waters along the coast, Warrington determined to convoy his prize to port. He had hardly come within sight of land when two large frigates were discovered to the northward and leeward.

These were the exciting moments of the old sailing days, when the knowledge of wind and tide could be reckoned a factor in winning naval honors.

The *Peacock* spoke the *Epervier*, and some conversation was carried on. They were abreast of Amelia Island, and the frigates were approaching and crowding on all sail.

Lieutenant Nicholson shouted to Captain Warrington to take off the crew from the *Epervier*, and leave him and his sixteen men to handle her. Warrington complied, and endeavored to draw off the on-comers, it being his intention to try to slip into St. Marys. Only one frigate fell to the ruse, and came about upon the *Peacock's* trail. The *Epervier*, which drew little water, kept well inshore, and under a light breeze made good headway. The wind, however, soon died to almost a calm, and the big vessel outside in the deeper water lowered her boats and manned them all, intending to cut out and retake the prize inshore. Fitful gusts of wind swept the captured vessel along, but during every pause the steady rowing of the British sailors brought the armed boats nearer. Suddenly they stopped all exertion, for Nicholson was shouting orders through his speaking trumpet as if in command of one hundred men, instead of scarcely enough to haul his sheets and tacks. The ports dropped with a clatter, and the boatswain's whistle rang out shrilly. The Englishmen were astounded, and feared that they had been drawn into a trap. Turning tail, they scuttled out of range as quickly as possible and returned to the frigate. A breeze sprung up at this moment, and Nicholson was able to keep the *Epervier* on her course, and on the 1st of May the brig arrived safe in Savannah. Three days later the *Peacock* came in also.

Warrington's delight on seeing that his prize was safe was great, and he reported the *Epervier* in the following words: "She is one of their finest sloops of war, and is well calculated for our service. She sails extremely fast, and will require but little to send her to sea, as her armament and stores are complete."

In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, when at sea, on the night of the action, he speaks of his crew in this manly fashion: "Every officer, seaman, and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them."

The *Peacock* did not remain long inactive, but sailed for the Bay of Biscay, and cruised along the coast of Portugal and among the islands. Time and again she was chased by English vessels, and was kept dodging from one position to another to avoid the many squadrons. It was not her luck to come across another vessel of war of anything like her size, but she captured handily fourteen sail of merchantmen.

The commerce-destroyers of those days were not spoken of in that term, but the trade of Great Britain was crippled severely by the swift-sailing privateers and our handy little sloops of war.

THE IBSEN INFLUENCE.

In one language or another, New York play-goers have had the chance of seeing four or five of the most characteristic of Ibsen's plays, within rather less than as many years. Hedda Gabler was given in German several seasons ago; Ghosts was played twice in English winter before last; A Doll's House was done in English last winter at the Empire Theatre, and in French this winter by Madame Réjane, and within the past fortnight Mr. Beerbohm Tree has enabled us to realize, from his admirable presentation of The Enemy of the People, that the least dramatic of Ibsen's pieces is the most dramatic piece on the stage, when compared with the work of any other author. One must not forget to speak of the first act of Little Eyolf, which was performed lately by the pupils of the Berkeley Dramatic School; or perhaps I might better say this fragment performed itself, for the theatrical strength of Ibsen is so great that, like Maeterlinck, he supplies much deficiency in the players, and succeeds in spite of them. I do not mean that the pupils of the Dramatic School were not praiseworthy; in some things they were even excellent; and they were at no moment so false to his world as the great French actress who Gallicized him, and rendered Nora as a cocodette.

The Réjane performance of the play was a prodigious testimony to its vitality; anything less robust must have perished in such handling; but this lived through it, and remained at last an effect of pathos and tragedy. The translation was, as is usual with things translated in the French taste, a paraphrase, and the play was badly cut, so as to leave some of the best things out, and to send Nora out into the world unaccounted for by those finely shaded motives which render her self-exile peremptory; and I am not sure that the pathos and the tragedy were not, after all, a lingering effect from the play as it was given last winter by Mrs. Maddern Fiske and Mr. Courteney Thorpe. There was a certain hard nervousness at times in Mrs. Fiske's realization of Nora, and a want of what we have to call repose, which took from the pleasure of it; but she had truly divined the character, and one felt that in a further study of the part she would have more fully identified herself with it; but Mr. Thorpe's Helmer was a portrayal of the philistine egotist which left nothing to be asked in perfection of accent. It was a piece of acting surpassed only by his Oswald in Ghosts, which was a revelation of powers hitherto unhinted in the light rôles we had always known him in. He stood forth at once a great tragedian, as new in kind as the hapless wretch whose most pitiable sort he made a personal anguish to every beholder. It was upon the whole one of the most modern things, that is to say one of the best things, I have ever seen upon the stage — that haunt of the decrepitudes and imbecilities of the past; and it imparted a vast hope, a deep consolation. Mr. Thorpe showed his quality in his perfect simplicity, and his willing subjection to the dramatist, and I have only the wish to praise him; but, after all, what one felt was the greatness of Ibsen's conception. The dramatist obtruded himself no more than the actor; they were both there to express a most important conviction in ethics and in æsthetics, and they were jointly absent, as far as any personal effect was concerned. For one of those moments so rare in the theatre the spectator had a sense of absolute drama. Each sharer in that great theatrical event, the very greatest I have ever known, did well, and some of them more than well; and perhaps Mr. Thorpe surpassed the rest of the players as Oswald surpassed the rest of the characters only in embodying the supreme interest —

"The sorrow's crown of sorrows"—

of the son on whom the father's sins are visited, and who suffers and perishes under our eyes for the misdeeds done before his birth.

I was sensible of some such effect of absolute drama in the performance of Hedda Gabler, the next strongest of the Ibsen plays, as I have seen them, after Ghosts. Here the playing was very equal, too, and of a very high level in its equality; and though the distinguished actress—I forget her distinguished name — who took the part of Hedda was of course the chief figure on the scene, it was not because she was doing so much better than the others, as because she was embodying to the ear and eye that type of perverse jealousy, devilish greed of power, and reckless hate which the author had conceived in Hedda Gabler.

Again, the other night, when I saw Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Dr. Stockmann, in The Enemy of the People, I thought neither of Mr. Beerbohm Tree nor of Ibsen; I thought of the great-hearted, imperfect man who dares to be true when every motive and interest but the highest tempts him to be false, and who stands alone, an outcast in his native town, and branded an enemy of the people, rather than betray the trust which as a man of science and a man of honor he holds from a power far higher than the people's. I was aware, beyond this, of the marvellous skill with which the notion of this man was got before the mind of the spectator, by the simplest means, in the barest terms, and in language so plain and common that nothing of it remained with me afterwards but the last words of Stockmann's crucial experience distilling itself in the phrase, "He is the strongest man who stands most alone."

The Enemy of the People is the play of Ibsen's which appeals more intimately than any other to the intelligence of an American audience in some ways. The situation in the Norwegian town where the action passes is the image in little of our own vast political hypocrisy. The boss is there in his ruthless power; the truckling journalist is there; the respectable citizen, arrogating to his selfishness the credit of all the virtues, is there; the economico-political ring is there; where Tammany never was heard of, Tammany is! The house recognized the facts with applause at certain points; and in the medicinal baths which have created the prosperity of the town, and which Stockmann may not attempt to rescue from pollution without imperilling its prosperity, or putting its tax-payers to great expense, the spectators must have seen one of those vested interests whose aspect we know so well. But I suppose that otherwise the play could not appeal to us. We are too sophisticated for its simple and natural effects; we want action, we want character, we want incident, as we call the usual hysterics and heroics, and I fancy that the average play-goer would hardly feel that he had got his money's worth, though there is something to be said for the scene of the public meeting where Stockmann is choked off, and for the moment when he gathers up the stones after the mob has broken his windows. But this is hardly enough; there is no love interest in the play; nobody is married or courted in or out of wedlock; no faltering wife is "saved" from herself; no intending seducer is melodramatically persuaded to leave his potential victim "pure." Besides, when we go to the theatre we wish to be amused, in the sense of being tickled or lulled; and incontestibly Ibsen neither tickles nor lulls. You are obliged to think of what you see before you, and to put yourself in the place of people so like yourself that it is not easy to pull yourself out again. If this is the case with a political and social satire like The Enemy of the People, it is much more the case with such studies of motive and responsibility as Ghosts, and the Doll's House, and Hedda Gabler, and Little Eyolf.

I am not thinking, therefore, of any great acceptance for Ibsen himself on our stage, but for Ibsenism there is already great acceptance, and there will be greater and greater, for he is the master who has more to say to our generation in the theatre than any other, and all must learn his language who would be understood hereafter. The chief trait of his speech, as I have intimated, is its simplicity, and this has impressed itself upon the diction of the new playwrights very noticeably already. Of course, that sort of simplicity is a common tendency of our time, but it is Ibsen who has felt it more than any other, and who has, I think, imparted it in some measure to all who have studied him. Both the theatre and the drama have studied Ibsen, and are studying him more and more; dramatic criticism itself is deigning to look at him a little; but not nearly so much as the drama and the theatre, perhaps because it need not; like "genius" it knows without learning. The drama and the theatre feel his simplicity in every way—his simplicity of thought and sense, as well as his simplicity of speech. So far as I have spoken with actors who have played Ibsen, I find that without exception, almost, they like to play him, because he gives them real emotions, real characters to express, and they feel in him the support of strong intentions. They have to forget a good deal that they have learned in the school of other dramatists. They have to go back, and become men and women again before Ibsen can do anything with them, or they with him; but when they have once done this, their advance toward a truer art than they have ever known is rapid and unerring. It is very interesting to hear a stage-manager, who has helped them remand themselves to this natural condition, talk of their difficulties in reaching it, when they are most willing and anxious to reach it. They have really to put away from them all that they have learned of artificial and conventional for the stage; everything but their technical skill is a loss, but this is an immense advantage, for Ibsen understands the stage, as perhaps no other dramatist has understood it; and in his knowledge and sympathy with the stage the actor feels a support which he can fully trust. He can implicitly believe that whatever he finds in the dialogue or the direction is fully and positively meant, and that he cannot go wrong if he is true to them. It is not possible to play Ibsen so badly as to spoil him if the actor obeys him; if he obeys him intelligently and skilfully the highest effect is unfailing; but if he merely obeys him blindly and ignorantly, a measure of success is sure to follow. For this reason I have never seen a play of Ibsen's which I felt to be a failure; the Réjane performance of the Doll's House was nearer a failure than any other, because the French stage seemed unwilling to obey Ibsen at all.

The influence of Ibsen on the theatre is very interesting, but it is not so important as his influence on the drama. I think the reader of Ibsen will be able to trace his influence in the work of any of the modern English playwrights, or at least I do not think I have deceived myself in imagining that I trace it in the plays of Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Shaw, or Mr. Jones. I do not mean that they have imitated him, or have slavishly followed him, but that they have learned from him a certain way of dealing with material; and I do not mean that they deal with life altogether as he does, or even largely, but only that each one does so in some degree. I could wish that they dealt with it altogether as he does in their choice of the problems they treat, or that they would treat such problems as concern conduct rather than such as concern action. The problem which a play of Ibsen hinges upon is as wide as the whole of life, and it seeks a solution in the conscience of the spectator for the future rather than the present; it is not an isolated case; it does not demand what he would do, or would have done, in a given event; and this is what makes the difference between him and the modern English playwrights. In morals, a puritanic narrowness cramps all our race, which will not suffer us to get beyond the question of personality; but Ibsen always transcends this, and makes you feel the import of what has happened civically, socially, humanly, universally. In Ghosts, for instance, who is to blame? You feel that nothing but the reconstitution of society will avail with the wrong and the evil involved.

But the new dramatists have learned from Ibsen to deal with questions of vital interest, and to deal with them naturally, and, on the whole, pretty honestly. For the rest, I should say that it would not be safe or just (what is unjust is never quite safe, I suppose,) to say at which point you felt his influence. So much in the tendency of any time is a common effect from common causes, that it is not well to attribute this or that thing to this or that man. All the Elizabethan dramatists wrote somewhat like Shakespeare, and Shakespeare is the greatest of them all; and yet it would not be easy to prove that he was otherwise their master. I should not undertake to prove that the modern English drama was of the school of Ibsen, except as Ibsen is the greatest of the moderns. But I find much in the new plays that makes me think of him: situations, questions, treatment, motive, character, diction. They lack his poetry, but they have much of the same art, and it appears that we can get on without poetry in plays, but not without art. But whether they have their common traits in common with him because of their contemporaneity, and are like him because they are of the same century and the same modern circumstance, I am not ready to say; and so if I were really driven to the wall, and had to point out absolute instances of his influence in them or die, I should perhaps withdraw the word influence; and then go away thinking my own thoughts. He is above all a moralist, and they are all, more or less effectually, moralists both in the larger and the lesser sense.

W. D. Howells.

NORWAY'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Emperor William, during his recent birthday visit to Bismarck, remarked in the course of his speech that the various German states represented one people—not two, like Norway and Sweden. This was a rather surprising concession on the part of a monarch who is related by marriage to the house of Bernadotte, and is on terms of extreme friendliness with King Oscar II. But Emperor William has now for four summers travelled extensively in Norway, and he has probably by his own observations made the discovery that the Norwegians are not Swedes. The Norwegian nationality is fully as old as the Swedish, and in point of historic dignity surely not its inferior. Though ethnologically closely akin, the two nations have never been identical. A distinct geographical boundary —the Kjölen mountain chain, which runs like a spinal column through the entire peninsula—tended at an early period to create that antagonism of interests which often results from isolation or defective intercommunication.

In the ninth century King Harold the Fairhaired conquered all the small kings and united the scattered tribes on the western side of Kjölen under his sceptre, and King Erik Eimundsen gathered those on the eastern side under his sway.

The royal line of Harold the Fairhaired ruled over Norway for four centuries and a half, and became extinct in the male line in 1319. The direct heir on the spindle side was Magnus Smek, who was also a nephew of the Swedish King Birger, and presently became King of Sweden. Under him and his son Hakon, Norway and Sweden were for the first time united. Hakon married Queen Margaret of Denmark, and their son, Olaf the Young (1381–7), thus became heir to all the three kingdoms. After his untimely death, his mother succeeded in forming the so-called Kalmar Union (1397), in accordance with which the three kingdoms were to be "eternally united under one king."

Now here was a golden opportunity for transforming the three kindred peoples into one powerful Scandinavian nation. But neither Margaret nor her successors were equal to this task. Their chief interest was to exploit Sweden and Norway for the benefit of Denmark, to make fat offices for the Danish nobility, and establish a sort of Danish hegemony over the brother kingdoms. The result was that Sweden broke away and founded a dynasty of her own, under Gustavus Vasa, and it would have been far better for Norway if she had done the same. She remained under Danish dominion until 1814, when she was, by the allies in the treaty of Kiel, transferred to Sweden. In order to punish Denmark for her support of Napoleon, and reward Sweden for her aid in his overthrow, Norway was tossed like a shuttlecock from one to the other. But the Norwegians, though their relation to Denmark had latterly been a provincial one, had never been conquered by any one, and they refused to acknowledge the right of the allies to dispose of their destinies without the ceremony of consulting them. Accordingly there was a general uprising throughout the country, and representatives were chosen for a national diet, which met at Eidsvold (1814), and framed a constitution, largely modelled on that of the United States. The first paragraph of this remarkable document declares Norway to be "a limited hereditary monarchy, *independent* and indivisible, whose ruler shall be called King."

The members of this constitutional assembly were fully aware that the step they had taken involved war with Sweden. It was therefore no surprise to them when Bernadotte crossed the frontier at the head of a Swedish army. In the few indecisive fights which took place the honors proved to be about easy. Before either army had tried its mettle an armistice was negotiated, and peace was concluded on condition that the King of Sweden should swear allegiance to the constitution of Eidsvold and acknowledge the independence of Norway.

The independence which they had secured proved to be a name rather than a fact. Their liberties, which they celebrated in prose and verse every 17th of May, were pleasant to read of on paper, but they had little actuality outside of the written documents. A free and independent country which maintained a foreign viceroy in its capital was indeed a curious anomaly, and naturally the first endeavors of the Norsemen were directed toward getting rid of this functionary. In response to their vociferous demands, Bernadotte gave them one of their own nationality (1836), and his son, Oscar I., won great popularity by allowing the office to lapse, though he did not formally abolish it. The whole subsequent history of Norway represents an undismayed and indefatigable effort on the part of the Norwegian democracy (the party of the Left) to gain the position of equality and co-ordination with Sweden to which the constitution of 1814 entitled them. They have learned by bitter experience that, however loudly they may declare themselves free, as a matter of fact they are looked upon as dependents of Sweden; and if they have had occasion to see something of the world, they know, too, that it is the fixed policy of Sweden to suppress their nationality abroad, to ignore it, and give the impression that it has no existence except in the brain of some crack-brained patriotic enthusiasts. And so successful have the Swedish diplomats been in conveying this impression that wherever a Norwegian now travels, in the Old World or the New, he is likely to be greeted as a Swede, and if he objects to the appellation he is stared at with a smile of superior amusement, and perhaps a private doubt as to his sanity. Twice in my own life have I been pronounced a boor and a savage because I declined affably to accept the Swedish nationality, and contradicted the Swedish brother who had the kindness to claim me as a countryman; and I scarcely know a single Norwegian abroad who has not had similar experiences.

It is in order to make an end of this condition that the Norwegian Storthing has repeatedly put forth its demand for a separate consular and diplomatic representation, and it is because this demand strikes at the very heart of the Swedish policy in regard to Norway that so violent an opposition has been aroused. As a matter of prudence, only the consular service is included in the bill now at issue, which the King has vetoed, and which is the cause of the present strained relations between the two countries. But it is generally admitted that this is merely an entering wedge, and that a more radical bill, dealing with the

diplomatic service, is sure to follow. The King and the Swedish Riksdag are fully aware of this; and unless they mean in the end to concede co-ordination and equality to Norway, they are right in regarding this preliminary skirmish as of vital importance, and making a decided stand against it. And the Norwegian Storthing, knowing that the abandonment of this claim means acquiescence in the old subordination and dependence under the mask of liberty, is equally justified in forcing the issue, and neither giving nor taking quarter.

It was the poet Björnstjerne Björnson who in 1873 began the popular agitation for equality and co-ordination with Sweden, or, if Sweden were unwilling to grant this, dissolution of the union. All the burning questions upon which since then all elections have turned have grown directly or indirectly out of this demand. The Conservatives (the party of the Right), of which the two Stangs, father and son, and Selmer have been the leaders, have displayed a conciliatory spirit toward Sweden, and represented the policy of peace at any price; while the Radicals, under the leadership of the late Premiers, Johan Sverdrup and Rector Steen, have refused to be hoodwinked, and insisted upon forcing the measures which were intended to remove the last traces of subordination and dependence. The King has generally vetoed all such laws, and by repeatedly refusing to select his ministry from the Parliamentary majority, has further inflamed the public opinion against himself and the system which he represents. Because Sweden yet acquiesces in its aristocratic institutions, and is largely governed by a feudal land-owning gentry, Norway, with her democratic spirit, is checked in her normal development, and must try to adapt herself to the slower pace of her yoke-fellow.

Of course, if the conception did not generally prevail in Sweden that Norway is a dependency, and therefore bound to accept whatever terms her neighbor chooses to grant her, the King could not have treated the Norwegian Storthing with the disrespect, if not contumely, which has characterized his dealings with the Parliamentary majority. Though the Selmer ministry was impeached in 1882, convicted, and forced out of office, and the Liberal Sverdrup ministry was accepted with a wry face, the King was in no wise discouraged in his efforts to reduce Norway to subjection. Strange and sensational developments would, indeed, have resulted if the parliamentary inquiry regarding the dismantling of fortresses, the mutilation of arms, etc., during that crisis had been pushed to its legitimate conclusion. We all know that army officers would not of their own accord have engaged in that kind of enterprise; and if they had, no one doubts that they would have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Treason is punishable with death in Norway, as elsewhere. But hitherto no heads have fallen, although the facts are notorious.

And this leads me to speak of the most serious aspect of the present crisis. The above-named inquiry had to be dropped for obvious reasons, and people shook their heads and an ominous silence settled upon the land. It became clear to all but the most deluded fools that Norway, in case of war, could not rely upon her own army. The rank and file were not disaffected; but four-fifths of the officers, belonging to the party of the Right, are of opinion that their first allegiance is due to their commander-in-chief, who is King Oscar II., and that only secondarily do they owe a duty to their country. In case of an actual conflict a very much larger number than here indicated might make a different choice; but that for fighting purposes the army would be crippled by the lack of officers of undoubted patriotism seems more than probable. And the navy, consisting of a few antiquated wooden ships, would be even less efficient for either offence or defence. In the very first battle the Swedish ironclads would sink them. It is one of the disadvantages inherent in a small state that it cannot indulge in such costly luxuries as ironclads, and without ironclads, it appears, independence cannot be preserved. It was, to be sure, supposed that the union with the stronger brother absolved Norway from the necessity of maintaining a formidable armed establishment. But if the stronger brother himself turns aggressor—if the constitutional ally becomes an enemy—an apparently unthinkable situation has arisen, for which no provision has been made, or could have been made. It is, however, this very situation Norway has to face; and without sentimental glamour or foolish illusions consider how she can meet it. In my opinion she is not at present ready to meet it. I devoutly wish that she were. But to incur the risks of war with her present inadequate preparations and insufficient resources would be worse than folly; it would be a crime. It would be wantonly to exchange semi-independence for national extinction and provincial subordination. Such a proceeding would not be heroic, but foolhardy. There is no disputing that there is just cause for war; but wars are not decided by considerations of justice. The god of battles has always been on the side of the heaviest battalions, and the heaviest battalions in this case would be those of the Swedes. The mere fact that the latter nation counts five million inhabitants to Norway's two ought to be a weighty argument in favor of peace. The prospects of a peaceful settlement are, however, at the present writing, somewhat precarious. The air is filled with shouts of defiance from both sides of Kjölen, and the chances of an appeal to arms are openly discussed by the leading journals in both countries. A war budget, including 4,000,000 kroner for an ironclad, and an appropriate sum for the purchase of 40,000 rifles of modern construction, besides other ominous items, is about to be submitted to the Norwegian Storthing, and there is talk of private subscriptions all over the country for defraying the expenses of other costly armaments. In Sweden the King has summoned a committee of twelve members of the Riksdag to sit in secret session—a measure which is never resorted to except when there is imminent danger of war. The last time this secret committee was summoned was, I believe, in 1866, when the question was agitated of the participation of the United Kingdoms, as the allies of Denmark, in the Sleswick-Holstein war. Judging by the enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty with which King Oscar was recently greeted on his return from Norway, it is safe to conclude that Jingoism is rampant among the upper and middle classes, and it is by no means impossible that warlike counsels will prevail. The King has never rejoiced in any extravagant popularity before, and this sudden gust of enthusiasm at his defiance of the Norwegians will surely not tend to make him conciliatory in the future. He has positively declined, after prolonged negotiations, to concede the demands of the leaders of the Left, except on terms which they found themselves unable to accept. The Stang ministry resigned early in March, and have since refused to resume office at the King's request. An interregnum has since prevailed, and there seems to be no present prospect of improved conditions.

It will no doubt seem to many that, as far as the world at large is concerned, it is a matter of small consequence whether Norway is a province of Sweden or a co-ordinated independent state. But in the present condition of European politics this question has wider bearings than is generally assumed. King Oscar II., as every one knows, is German in his sympathies; and it has even been asserted that a well-defined understanding exists between him and Emperor William as to the latter's attitude in case of war with Norway. That the German Emperor will not throw his influence on the side of the Norwegians may be taken for granted. On the other hand, Russia has made no secret of her desire to secure an open harbor on the Atlantic Ocean, and I am told on reliable authority that the Varanger Fjord, in the extreme north of Norway, has, on an official map of the Russian Empire, been included among the Muscovite possessions. The agitation for the acquisition of this strip of territory has been intermittent in the Russian press for over twenty years, and has recently received a fresh impetus from the difficulties which have arisen between Norway and Sweden. Now it is no mere chimera to suppose that Norway, if she were worsted in the first engagements, would be sorely tempted to buy Russian aid by the cession of this sterile bit of land, and it is not improbable that Russia, with her irresistible trend toward territorial aggrandizement, would come to her rescue. A nation, when its very existence is at stake, will not be moved by such shadowy considerations as the European balance of power; it would make any bargain it could to save itself, even though in the end it might prove to be a disastrous one. Russia is the hereditary enemy of Sweden, and nothing would be more natural than that the enemies of Sweden should make common cause and combine for her discomfiture. Björnstjerne Björnson, actuated not by hatred of Sweden, but by wrath at the wrongs and humiliations which his country was forced to endure at her hands, has openly proposed the cession of the Varanger Fjord to Russia as the price of her friendship. But the indignation with which this proposal was received showed that the Norwegians, in their sober senses, were not blind to the dangers of such an alliance. For an *entente cordiale* between one hundred and twenty millions and two millions would surely lapse by degrees into a protectorate; and it would depend upon a complication of international relations, which is continually shifting, whether Norway might not some day find herself in the position of Finland, absorbed by the vast barbarous empire that, like Saturn, remorselessly devours its own children, and calmly swallows without discomfort the most heterogeneous peoples. Sweden, with all her shortcomings, is, at all events, a civilized state; and though her conduct may be exasperating, her yoke, apart from the sentimental pain it inflicts, is a mere silken scourge, compared to which the Russian yoke would be as a scourge of scorpions.

It is an ominous thing that the Russian press has during the last months displayed a strong interest in the Scandinavian question. The late Emperor Alexander III., though at heart sympathizing with the aspirations of the Slavophiles, was moved by his determination to preserve the peace of Europe to put a damper on their activity. But since his death there has been a revival of the agitation for the acquisition of the Varanger Fjord, and no apparent effort has been made by the government to suppress or restrain it. It is evident that the wish is father to the thought when the St. Petersburg *Novosti* in a recent article declares that the dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden is highly probable, and that this event, when it takes place, will give King Oscar and his friends in Berlin food for reflection. The Slavophile organ, *Moscow Skaia Viddomosti*, declares with less reserve that it ought to be an easy matter to acquire the Varanger Fjord, because it belongs to "a weak and friendly power." The English press, too—notably the *Spectator*—has suddenly discovered the possibility of international complications in the Scandinavian crisis, and has warned England to be on her guard. In the nicely adjusted balance of power, so laboriously contrived by the genius of Bismarck, the least derangement may make the whole artificial fabric topple and fall. The new readjustment which then must follow will bring mighty passions into play, and may result in startling alterations of the map of Europe. It is because of this universal apprehension that a mere local centre of meteorological disturbance may develop into a universal storm centre that the Scandinavian crisis has during the last month assumed the character of a European question.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A good many Americans will read with emotions of interest the announcement of the approaching marriage of the widow of the late Duke of Marlborough to Lord William Beresford. That the widowed duchess should determine to take another husband from the ranks of the British aristocracy is a fact of some significance for its bearing against the popular theory that rich American women who marry titled Europeans always live to regret it. Sometimes they have reason to regret it, but the supposition that such marriages as a rule don't pay seems not to have a sufficient basis. The duchess, who was born Price, was the widow Hammersley when she married Marlborough. It will be remembered that he bore a reputation of phenomenal brilliancy as a wicked lord, and that there was much foreboding of evil anent the marriage. Yet he seemed to make life interesting to her while he lived. He was much encumbered when she took him, and she spent money very freely indeed on him and the estate of Blenheim. Yet they lived in apparent harmony. When he died the large investments of the duchess in Marlborough property were (presumably) lost to her, and went to the present duke. But she neither complained nor repined, but went right on, and now adventures still another experiment in the same section of the matrimonial field. Lord Beresford, her new choice, may be accurately described as a "dead game sport." His impending bride seems fairly entitled to the same designation. He has proved himself to be a person of reckless courage. So has she. They will make a dauntless pair, and apparently they join hands with every prospect of mutual respect and satisfaction.

There is some doubt as to whether the fun of coaching lies in owning the coach and driving the horses, or in putting on one's best morning clothes and newest gloves and riding gloriously up the street and out of town on another man's conveyance. If you must drive, coaching is a dear sport, but if riding satisfies you, the men who like to drive four-in-hand make the more passive form of coaching a pleasure that is easy of accomplishment. Every morning now in New York a coach leaves the Brunswick Hotel and goes to the Westchester Country Club, at a fixed hour and a fixed price for seats. Mr. Vanderbilt Allen's picture on another page of this week's WEEKLY shows what the experience is like, but the picture cannot give you the fresh air and the exhilaration of rapid motion after four good horses, that is the main charm of the actual thing. There is a benevolence about the dealings of the coaching-men with the public which the public ought to appreciate. Nobody takes you yachting for hire, but the coaching-man does something that is pretty closely analogous to it, and does it out of devotion to sport.

A new coaching line that starts this year runs from Buffalo to Niagara Falls and back—a fine drive, with distinguished natural appurtenances in the way of cataracts and river scenery.

Stirred by the existing propensity of women's sleeves to take up all the spare room in the world, antiquarians begin to exhume old statutes framed to regulate the same tendency in former periods of its manifestation. A Boston contemporary produces, with lively chortlings of glee, a municipal statute of the town of Dedham, enacting, "for the present reformation of immoderate great sleeves," that "hereafter no person whatsoever shall make a garment for women, or any other sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part, and so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons." Allowing forty-five inches to the ell, any curious person can determine, by measurement on the arm of the nearest available woman, by how large a share the stuff in a modern sleeve exceeds the Dedham limit. Guessing roughly, one would say the sleeves on the Fifth Avenue in New York on Easter Sunday, if inflated to the limits of their greatest dimensions, would measure at least five feet in circumference, giving a full yard of exuberance in excess of what the Dedham ordinance permitted. The big sleeves will collapse presently of their own weight. We need no law to regulate them. Fashion has reduced the feminine hat to its lowest limits this year (to the relief of the theatre-goers), and sleeves in due course will get their share of repression.

It is a matter of literary interest that Mr. Dana of the *Sun* should think it profitable that the readers of his esteemed journal should become more familiar with the poems of Walt Whitman. For a month or two the *Sun* has "boomed" the Good Gray Poet with a lavishness of valuable space betokening an unusual degree of editorial earnestness. If Mr. Dana feels that it is good for us to know Walt Whitman better, it probably *is* good. Just what degree of decadence and degeneracy Walt stands for it will be somewhat troublesome to discover until some industrious person makes an adequate index to Professor Nordau's book. Meanwhile the evidence that Mr. Dana believes there was valuable stuff in him stands his reputation in good stead, and is likely to counterbalance such indications of depravity as his writings may have suggested to Nordau.

Once more the attention of the social philosopher is caught by the phenomenon of the propensity of women to go to weddings. Never altogether absent, it is more striking just after Easter than at any other time in the year. Its laws show little variation. Every year in the larger cities Easter week and the period following up to the first of May is a continuous festival of holy matrimony. The rule of its celebration is that men go to weddings when they must, women when they may. Why women take such acute interest in weddings is always a puzzle to men. The reason of it must lie in clothes.

Boston was just beginning to catch a little natural sleep after the excitement of Mr. Abbey's pictures, when Mr. Sargent and his pictures arrived and upset the tranquillity of the town all over again. There was never a boy that had more fun with his spring marbles than Boston is having with the decorations of her library. It is good fun, too, and very much to Boston's credit.

Sore end it was for Robert Center to be crushed by a clumsy coal-cart. There is hearty grief, especially in all the land of sport, over his untimely taking off. Whatever that is honorable a man finds to do, it is good for him and creditable to him to do it with all his might. Sport, as most of us deal with it, has something in it of frivolity, but as Robert Center pursued it, it is a serious business, fit to engage the attention and develop the energies of an earnest man. Whether the game was yachting, or hunting, or bicycling, or whatever else, there was something pleasantly childlike, and at the same time admirable, in the zeal with which he followed it. He fairly dignified sport by the quality of his devotion to it. His death is pathetic, and is sorrowful even to persons who knew him slightly. There is a distinction between the man who follows sport and the man who chases after mere pleasure, and it is very much in the good sportsman's favor. His diversions involve courage, self-discipline, and the constant development and expenditure of energy. It is a case where the means justify the end, or even the apparent lack of any end of very definite proportions.

Alas for Center! Brief of stature, hardy of frame, tireless, keen, and of a big spirit. There are so many men of us about, who think our aims and efforts more important perhaps than his, who could be spared out of the world more easily than he, and with a good deal less distress to our survivors.

E. S. MARTIN.

COACHING AROUND NEW YORK—THE "PIONEER" LEAVING THE COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE, WESTCHESTER.—Drawn by W. S. V. Allen.—[See Page 391.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROMENT OF NÎMES.

THE encounter had served neither to raise my spirits nor to remove the apprehensions with which I looked forward to our arrival in places more populous, where suspicion, once roused, might be less easily allayed. True Géol had not betrayed me, but he might have had his reasons for that; nor did the fact at all reconcile me to having on our trail this grim stalking-horse, in whose person a fanaticism I had deemed long dead lurked behind modern doctrines, and sought under the cloak of a new party to avenge old injuries. The barren slopes and rugged peaks that rose above us as we plodded on, the wind-swept passes over which the horses scarce dragged the empty carriage, the melancholy fields of snow that lay to right and left, all tended to deepen the impression made on my mind; so that, feeling him one with his native hills, I longed to escape from them—I longed to be clear of this desolation, and to see before me the olive slopes sweep down to the southern sea.

Yet even here there was a counterpoise. The peril which had startled me had not been lost on Madame St. Alais, but had sensibly lowered her tone, and damped the malicious triumph with which she had been disposed to treat me. She was more quiet now; and sitting in her place, or walking beside the laboring carriage as it slowly wound its way round shoulders, or wearily climbed long lacets, she left me to myself. Nay, it did not escape me that distance, far from relieving, seemed to aggravate her anxiety; so that the farther we left the uncouth Baron behind, the more restless she grew, the more keenly she scanned the road behind us, and the less regard she paid to me.

This left me at liberty to use my eyes as I would; and I remember to this day that hour spent under the shoulder of Mont Aigoual. Mademoiselle, worn out by days and nights of exertion, had fallen asleep in her corner, and, shaken by the jolting of the coach, had let the cloak slip from her face. A faint flush warmed her cheeks, as if even in her sleep she felt my eyes upon her; and though a tear presently stole from under her long lashes, a smile almost naïve—a smile that remained, while the tear passed—seemed to say that the joys of that strange day surpassed the pains, and that in her sleep mademoiselle found nothing to regret. God, how I watched that smile! How I hoped that it was for me! How I prayed for her! Never before had it been my happiness to gaze on her uncontrolled as I did now; to trace the line where the first tendrils of her hair stole up from the smooth white forehead, to learn the curves of lips and chin and the dainty ear half-hidden, to gaze at the blue-veined eyelids half in fear, half in hope, that they might rise and discover me!

Denise, my Denise! I breathed the word softly in my heart and was happy. In spite of all—the cold, the journey, Géol, madame—I was happy. And then in a moment I fell to earth at sound of a voice saying, "Is that he?"

It was madame's, and I turned to her as if I had been pricked, my face on fire. I had forgotten her. I was the more relieved to find that she was not looking my way, but was on her feet, gazing back the way we had come. And in a moment, whether she gave an order or the driver halted on his own motion, the carriage came to a stand in the mountain pass, where rocks lay huddled on either side.

"What is it, madame?" I said, in wonder.

She did not answer, but on the silence of the road rose the thin strain of an air, whistled. The air was "O Richard, O mon roi!" In that solitude of rock and fell it piped high and thin, and had a weird, startling effect. I thrust out my head on the other side, and saw a man walking after us at his leisure, as if we had passed him, and then stood to wait for him. He was tall and stout, and wore boots and a common-looking cloak; but for all that he had not the air of a man of the country.

"You are going to Ganges?" madame cried to him, without preface.

"Yes, madame," he answered, as he came quietly up and saluted her.

"We can take you on," she said.

"A thousand thanks," he answered, his eyes twinkling. "You are too good. If the gentleman does not object?" And he looked at me, smiling without disguise.

"Oh no!" madame said, with a touch of contempt in her voice; "the gentleman will not object."

But that gave me the fillip that I needed. The device of the meeting was so transparent, the appearance of this man, in cloak and boots, on the desolate road far from any habitation, was so clearly a part of an arranged plan, that I must either fall in with it, be dupe, and play my rôle with my eyes open, or act at once. I awoke from my astonishment. "One moment, madame," I said. "I do not know who this gentleman is."

She had resumed her seat, and the stranger had come up to the window on her side and stood looking in. He had a face of striking power, large-sized and coarse, but not unpleasant; with quick bright eyes, and mobile lips that smiled easily. The hand he laid on the carriage door was immense.

The moment I spoke madame flashed round on me. "Nonsense!" she cried, imperiously. And to him, "Get in, monsieur."

"No!" I retorted, half rising. "Stay, if you please, where you are, until—" Madame turned to me, furious.

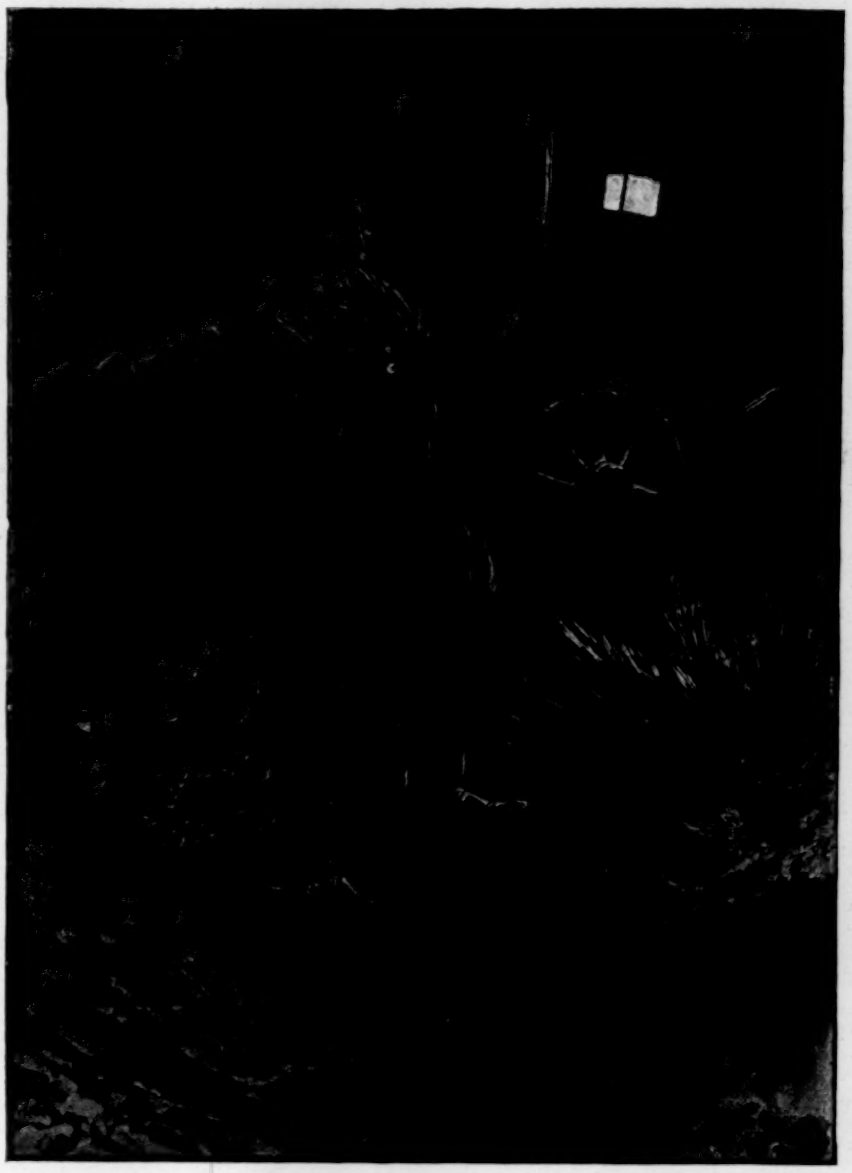
"This is my carriage," she said.

"Absolutely," I answered. "But if this gentleman enters it, I leave it."

For an instant we looked at one another. Then, seeing that I was determined, and knowing my position, she lowered her tone. "Why?" she said, breathing quickly. "Why, because he enters it, should you leave it?"

"Because, madame," I answered, "I see no reason for taking in a stranger whom we do not know. This gentleman may be everything that is upright—"

"He is no stranger!" she snapped. "I know him. Will that satisfy you?"



"THE CARRIAGE ROLLED ON AND LEFT HIM STANDING THERE."

"If he will give me his name," I said.

The man had stood unmoved during this discussion, looking with a smile from one to the other of us; but at this he struck in. "With pleasure, monsieur," he said. "My name is Alibon, and I am an advocate of Montauban, who last week had the good fortune to—"

"No," I said, interrupting him. "I think not. Not Alibon of Montauban. Froment of Nîmes, I think, monsieur."

A little tract of snow flushed by the sunset lay behind him, and by contrast darkened his face, so that I could not see how he took my words. And a few seconds elapsed before he answered. When he did he spoke calmly, and I fancied I detected as much vanity as chagrin in his tone. "Well, monsieur," he said, "and if I am? If I am?"

"If you are," I replied, resolutely, "I decline to travel with you."

"And therefore," he retorted, "madame, whose carriage this is, must not travel with me!"

"No, since she cannot travel without me," I answered.

He frowned, I think, at that, but in a moment, "And why?" he said, with a sneer. "Am I not good enough for your excellency's company?"

"It is not a question of goodness," I said, bluntly, "but of a passport. If you ask me, I do not travel with you because I hold a commission under the present government, and I believe you to be working against that government. I have lied for Madame St. Alais and her daughter. She was a woman, and I had to save her. But I will not lie for you, nor be your cloak."

"Indeed!" he said, slowly. "Yet I serve the King. Whom do you serve?"

I was silent.

"Whose is this commission, monsieur, that must not be contaminated?"

I writhed under the sneer, but I was silent.

"Come, M. le Vicomte," he continued, frankly, and in a different tone, "be yourself, I pray. I am Froment; you have guessed it. I am also a fugitive, and were my name spoken in Villeraugues, a league on, I should hang for it. And in Ganges the like. I am at your mercy, therefore, and I ask you to shelter me. Let me pass through Suméne and Ganges as one of your party; thenceforth onwards," he added, with a smile of conscious pride, "I will shift for myself."

For a few seconds, such was the power of the man, I wavered. It seemed so small a thing to ask, so great a thing to refuse, that, though half a minute before my mind had been made up, I hesitated—hesitated miserably, feeling my face burn, feeling the passionate ardor of madame's eyes as they devoured it, feeling the call of the silence for my answer. And I might have assented, but as I turned feverishly in my seat to avoid madame's look, my eyes fell on mademoiselle, and the sight of that pale pure face, downcast and serious, almost reproachful, wrought a sudden revulsion of feeling. I saw the thing as I had seen it before, and revolted from that which I had nearly done.

"No!" I cried, violently. "I will not! I will not!"

"You coward!" madame cried. And she sprang up as if to strike me, but sat down again.

"It may be," I said. "But I will not do it."

"Why? Why? Why?" she cried.

"Because I carry that commission, and to use it to shelter M. Froment were a thing M. Froment would not do himself. That is all."

He shrugged his shoulders, and magnanimously kept silence. But she was furious. "Quixote!" she cried. "Oh, but you are intolerable! But you shall suffer for it! Eh bien, monsieur, you shall suffer for it!" she repeated, vehemently.

"Nay, madame, you need not threaten," I retorted. "For if I would, I could not. You forget that M. de Géol is no more than a league behind us and bound for Nîmes, and may appear at any moment. At best he is sure to lodge where we do to-night. If he finds," I continued, dryly, "that I have added a brother to my growing family, I do not think that he will take it lightly."

But this, though she must have seen the sense of it, had no effect upon her. "Oh, you are intolerable!" she answered. "Let me out! Let me out, monsieur."

This last to Froment. He let her out, and the two walked a few paces away, talking rapidly.

I followed them with my eyes, and seeing him now, detached as it were and solitary in that dreary landscape—a man alone and in danger—I began to feel some compunction. Nay, a moment more, and I should have repented; but a touch fell on my sleeve, and I turned with a start to find Denise leaning towards me with her face wrapt and eager.

"Monsieur," she whispered, eagerly—before she could say more I seized the hand with which she had touched me and kissed it fiercely.

"No, monsieur, no!" she whispered, drawing it from me, with her face grown crimson; but her eyes still met mine frankly. "Not now. I want to speak to you, to warn you, to ask you—"

"And I, mademoiselle," I cried, in the same low tone, "want to bless you, to thank you—"

"To take care of yourself," she persisted, shaking her head almost petulantly at me, to silence me. "Listen! Some trap will be laid for you. My mother would not harm you, but that man is desperate, and we are in straits. Be careful, therefore, monsieur, and—"

"Have no fear," I said.

"Ah, but I have fear!" she answered.

And the way in which she said that and looked at me, and looked away again like a startled bird, filled me with happiness, so that though madame came back at that moment, and no more passed between us, not even a look, but we had to sink back in our seats and affect indifference, I was a different man for it. Perhaps something of this appeared in my face; for madame, as she came up to the door, shot a suspicious glance at me—a glance almost of hatred, and from me looked keenly at her daughter. But nothing was said except by Froment, who came up to the door and closed it after she had entered. He raised his hat to me.

"M. le Vicomte," he said, "one word. If a dog came

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

to my door as I came to you to-day, I would take him in!"

"You would do as I have done," I said.

"No," he said, firmly, "I would take him in. Nevertheless, when we meet at Nîmes, I hope to convert you."

"To what?" I said, coldly.

"To having a little faith," he answered, with dryness. "To having a little faith in something, and risking something for it, monsieur. I stand here," he continued, with a gesture that was not without grandeur, "alone and homeless to-day; I do not know where I shall lie to-night. And why, M. le Vicomte? Because I alone in France have faith! Because I alone believe in anything! Because I alone believe even in myself. Do you think," he continued, "that if you nobles believed in your nobility, you could be unseated? Never! Or that if you who say, 'Long live the king!' believed in your King, he could be unseated? Never! Or that if you who profess to obey the Church believed in her, she could be uprooted? Never! But you believe in nothing, you admire nothing, you reverence nothing, and therefore you are doomed! Yes, doomed, for even the men with whom you have linked yourself have a sort of bastard faith in their theories, their philosophy, their reforms, that are to regenerate the world. But you—you believe in nothing, and you shall pass as you pass from me now!"

He waved his hand with a gesture of menace, and before I could answer the carriage rolled on and left him standing there; and the gray landscape, cold and barren, took the place of his face at the door. The light was beginning to fail. We were still a league from Villeraugues. I was glad to feel the carriage moving on, and to be free from him. My heart, too, was warm, because Denise sat opposite me, and I loved her. But for all that, and though madame, glowering at me from her corner, troubled me little, his words, and one word in particular, hummed in my head and oppressed me with a sense of coming ill. Doomed! Doomed! He had said it as if he meant it. I could no longer question his power, or be ignorant why they called him the firebrand of Nîmes. The hot breath of the southern city had come from him, and the passion of world-old strifes had spoken in his voice. Uneasily I pondered over what he had said, and recalled words spoken by Father Benôit, even by Géol, to the same effect, and so brooded in my corner, while the carriage jolted on and darkness fell, until presently we stopped in the village street.

I offered Madame St. Alais my arm to descend. "No, monsieur," she said, repelling me vehemently, "I will not touch you."

And she meant, I think, to seclude herself and mademoiselle, and leave me to sup alone. But there was only one great room for parlor and kitchen and all, and a little cupboard, veiled by a dingy curtain, in which the women might sleep if they pleased, but in which they could not possibly eat. Here, in fact, the inn was the worst in which I had stopped, the maid draggled and dirty and smelling of the stable, the company three boors, the floor of earth, the windows unglazed. Madame, accustomed to travel, took all with the ease of a fine lady; but Denise, fresh from her convent, winced at the brawling and oaths that rose round her, and cowered pale and frightened on her stool.

A hundred times I was on the point of interfering to protect her; but her eyes, when they made me happy by timidly seeking mine for an instant, seemed to pray me to abstain; and the men, as their senseless tirades showed, were delegates from Castres, who at a word would have raised the cry of "Aristocrats!" I refrained, therefore, and doubtless with wisdom; but even the arrival of Géol would have been a welcome interruption.

I have said that madame heeded them little; but it presently appeared that I was mistaken. After we had supped, and when the noise was at its height, she came to me, where I sat a little apart, and throwing into her tone all the anger and disgust which her face so well masked, she cried in my ear that we must start at daybreak.

"At daybreak or before!" she whispered, fiercely. "This is horrible—horrible!" she continued. "This place is killing me! I would start now, cold and dark as it is, if—"

"I will speak to them," I said, taking a step towards the table.

She clutched my sleeve, and pinched me until I winced. "Fool!" she said. "Would you ruin us all? A word and we are betrayed. No; but at daybreak we go. We shall not sleep, and the moment it is light we go."

I consented, of course, and going to the driver, who had taken our place at the table, she whispered him also, and then came back to me, and bade me call him if he did not rise. This settled, she was making for the closet, whither mademoiselle had already retired, but unfortunately her movements had drawn on her the attention of the clowns at the table, and one of these, rising suddenly as she passed, interrupted her.

"A toast, madame—a toast!" he cried, with a gross hiccough, and reeling on his feet, he thrust a cup of wine in front of her. "A toast, and one that every man, woman, and child in France must drink or be d——d! And that is the Tricolor. The Tricolor, and down with Madame Veto. The Tricolor, madame! Drink to it!"

And the drunken wretch pressed the cup on her, while his comrades roared: "Drink! Drink! The Tricolor, and down with Madame Veto!" and added jests and oaths I will not write.

This was too much, and I sprang to my feet to chastise the wretches. But madame, who preserved her presence of mind to a marvel, checked me by a glance. "No," she said, proudly, "I will not drink."

"Ah!" he cried, with a vile laugh. "An aristocrat, are we? Drink, nevertheless, or we shall show you—"

"I will not drink," she retorted, facing him with superb courage. "And more, when M. de Géol arrives to-night you will have to give an account to him."

The man's face fell. "You know the Baron de Géol?" he said.

"I left him at the last village, and I expect him here to-night," she answered, coolly. "And I would advise you, monsieur, to drink your own toasts and let others go. For he is not a man to brook an insult."

The brawler shrugged his shoulders to hide his mortification. "Oh, if you are a friend of his," he muttered, preparing to slink back to the table, "I suppose it is all right. He is a good man. No offence. If you are not an aristocrat—"

"I am no more of an aristocrat than is M. de Géol," she answered. And with a cold bow she turned and went to the closet.

The men were a little less noisy after that, for madame had rightly guessed that Géol's name was known and respected in the mountains. They presently wrapped themselves in their cloaks and lay down on the floor, and I did the same, passing the night in the result in greater comfort than I had expected.

At first, it is true, I did not sleep; but later I fell into an uneasy slumber, and passing from one troubled dream to another—for which I had doubtless to thank the foul air of the room—I awoke at last with a start to find some one leaning over me. Apparently it was still night, for all was still; but the red embers of the fire glowed on the hearth and dimly lit up the room, enabling me to see that it was madame who had roused me. She pointed to the other men, who still lay snoring round me.

"Hush!" she said, with her finger on her lip. "It is after five. Jules is harnessing the horses. I have paid the woman here, and in five minutes we shall be ready."

"But the sun will not rise for another hour," I answered. This was early starting with a vengeance.

But evidently madame had set her heart upon it. "Do you want to expose us to more of this?" she said, in a furious whisper. "To keep us here until Géol arrives, perhaps?"

"I am ready, madame," I said.

This satisfied her, and she flitted away without more, and disappeared behind the curtain, and I heard whispering. I put on my boots, and, the room being very cold, stooped a moment over the fire, and drawing the embers together with my foot, warmed myself. Then I put on my cravat and sword, which I had removed, and stood ready to start. It seemed uselessly early, and we had started so early the day before. If madame wished it, however, it was my place to give way to her.

In a moment she came to me again; and I saw even by that light that her face was twitching with eagerness. "Oh," she said, "will he never come? That man will be all day. Go and hasten him, monsieur. If Géol comes! Go, for pity's sake, and hasten him!"

I wondered, thinking such haste utterly vain and foolish; but concluding that madame's nerves had failed at last, I thought it proper to comply, and stepping carefully over the sleepers, reached the door. I raised the latch, and in a moment was outside and had closed the door behind me. The bitter morning wind, laden with a fine snow, lashed my cheeks and bit through my cloak and made me shiver. In the east the dawn was only faintly apparent; in every other quarter it was still night, and, for all I could see, might have been midnight.

Very little in charity with madame, I picked my way, shivering, to the door of the stable, a mean hovel in a line with the house, and set in a sea of mud. It was closed, but a dim yellow light towards the farther end showed me where Jules was at work, and I raised the latch and called him. He did not answer, however, and I had to go in to him, passing behind three or four wretched nags—some on their legs and some lying down—until I came to our horses, which stood side by side at the end, with the lantern hung on a hook beside them.

I had just time to recognize them and wonder where Jules was—for still he did not answer—when, with a whish, something black—whence I could not see—struck me in the face and blinded me, and I found myself struggling in the folds of a cloak that completely enveloped my face, while a grip of iron bound my arms to my side. Taken entirely by surprise, I tried to shout, but the heavy cloak stifled me, and when, struggling desperately, I succeeded in uttering a half-choked cry, other hands than those which held me pressed the cloak more tightly over my face. In vain I writhed and twisted, and, half suffocated, tried to free myself. I felt hands passed deftly over me, and knew that I was being robbed. Then, as I still resisted, the man who held me from behind tripped me up, and I fell, still in his grasp, on my face on the ground.

Fortunately I fell on some litter; but even so, the shock drove the breath out of me; and what with that and the cloak, which in this new position threatened to strangle me outright, I lay a moment helpless, while the wretches bound my hands behind me and tied my ankles together. Thus secured, I felt myself taken up and carried a little way and flung down on a soft bed—of hay, as I knew by the scent. Then some one threw a truss of hay on me, and more and more hay, until I thought that I should be stifled, and tried frantically to shout. But the cloak was wound two or three times round my head, and, strive as I would, I could only, with all my efforts, force out a dull bellow that died smothered in its folds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"TAKEN ENTIRELY BY SURPRISE, I TRIED TO SHOUT, BUT THE HEAVY CLOAK STIFLED ME."

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

VIII.

THE undue increase in the amount of money in a country produces panics and brings ruin to business men. If the gold money were increased, the result would be a waste of wealth. If the stock of gold and silver were increased, in addition to this waste of wealth the stock of coin that could be used for money would grow less both in value and in actual amount. The reason of this is that gold would disappear, because men would use that money which is cheapest. The wage-earner would be paid with a silver dollar, because his employer could procure a silver dollar with less exertion or fewer goods than he would have to expend to procure a gold dollar or a paper representative dollar that was payable in gold. The foreigner would send his silver to this country, and our gold would go where it could find employment. If, for example, Mr. Bland had had his way and secured free coinage of silver, our metallic money would have shrunk nearly one-half. In 1894 we had in the United States, according to the estimate of the Director of the Mint, gold of the value of $626,600,000, and silver of full legal-tender value to the amount of $549,700,000. If we had become a silver country, our legal-tender coin would have shrunk, by reason of the disappearance of gold, from $1,176,300,000 to $549,700,000. This would have been the result of the efforts of Coin and the disciples of his "Financial School." They would not only have reduced the amount of our coin by driving gold out of circulation, but they would have reduced the purchasing power of the uncovered paper, of which, according to Mr. Preston, the country had $475,700,000 in 1894. If a paper dollar is made redeemable in a silver dollar which will buy only one bushel of wheat, when a gold dollar will buy two bushels, the paper dollar shrinks to the value of the silver dollar as a matter of course.

Let us suppose that our storekeeper is himself the purchaser of the products of his neighbors, and that he pays for his purchases in coin. He buys Coin's book, and imagines that his safety and the prosperity of his neighbors demand that he shall have a large supply of metal money. Heretofore he has bought about $100,000 of products every year, and he has used about $20,000 in coin, the rest of his payments being made with the goods in his store which the farmers needed. These goods he has bought with checks and notes, after the manner which we have described. But now he secures a stock of coin equal to the sum involved in his transactions—$100,000. In order to do this he must buy the coin. Coin cannot be had for nothing. It is bought with wealth. The storekeeper buys it with the goods with which he has supplied himself for the needs of his neighbors. The community is so much the poorer. It needs just enough money to pay off the balances that are left after all its trades of the year are consummated; but the storekeeper's conduct has made it impossible for those local trades to be carried out. The goods which constitute his contribution to the trades have been sent off to secure his coin, and so the farmers are left without them—having money, it is true, but money cannot be eaten or worn or used for agricultural implements. It can buy all these things, but too much of it causes them inconvenience and expense. In order to procure his stock of money the storekeeper parted with his goods, and it was these goods that the farmers really wanted to buy through the sale of their products. The money was only used when a farmer either was not ready to buy the goods or when he wanted something which the merchant did not have, or when he wanted to put it away for saving or for other purposes. As it is, the farmers will be obliged to travel to a distant town to buy their goods, and the expense and trouble of this are what the storekeeper's adoption of Coin's system has cost them. Multiply this expense by millions, and we will have an idea of the wasteful extravagance of securing too much money or dead capital for the whole country.

In 1872, before the passage of the act of 1873 which omitted the silver dollar from the coinage, there was only $25,000,000 of coin in circulation, but there was $346,000,000 in greenbacks, $329,000,000 in national-bank notes, and $31,500,000 in certificates. Altogether there was $738,000,000 of money in circulation, or about $18 19 for each person in the country. Then followed the panic of 1873, and the amount of money kept on increasing, except in 1876, 1877, and 1878, when it diminished. Silver, as Coin and his kind assert, was "demonetized"; but there was no silver in circulation, except minor coins, in 1872 and 1873. After 1878 the amount of money kept on increasing in the country. Prices went up and down without reference to this even increase. Prosperity came back when there was in circulation about $16, and again when there was about $23, for each person in the country, and hard times were upon us when the amount in circulation had grown to be about $25 per capita.

In 1894 there was more gold in circulation than at any other time within the twenty-two years. In the panic years, and those immediately preceding them, there were more silver standard dollars in circulation than ever before. The circulation of greenbacks fell off, and that of national-bank notes slightly increased.

All this teaches that the amount of money has very little

to do with panics or hard times. The amount of metallic money that should be kept as a reserve for the redemption of paper, or, in other words, the settlement of balances, is best judged by the experiences of the bankers. What the country needs chiefly is a currency system that can respond to the demands of business, as the system which I described in the last article responded to the discovery of new store of wheat, and to the increase of the desire to purchase it. This currency ought to be issued by banks, and there ought to be a certain amount of gold maintained for a reserve. What that amount ought to be can be best determined by the peculiar circumstances attending the business of each bank. In any case it will be comparatively little. There is much more gold in the country to-day than is necessary for the settlement of balances in domestic and foreign commerce. The United States Treasury tries to maintain $100,000,000 of gold as a reserve for the redemption of its $346,000,000 of greenbacks. It is abundant, and little demand was ever made upon it until the national credit and finances were doubted. On this basis the amount of gold in the country would sustain a paper currency of about $2,200,000,000, nearly $600,000,000 more than we now have as the total of all our gold, silver, and paper circulation, and $400,000,000 more than all of our present money and currency. The procuring of more gold would be extravagance, for which the producers of the country would be obliged to pay as the farmer paid for the storekeeper's folly in the case that I have imagined. To add silver would be still greater folly. What is needed is the divorce of government from the whole system of circulation. If the government does nothing with money except to stamp its certificate of their value upon coins, then we shall not have panics bred by the fancies of Congressmen who think that the real money of the country ought to be increased, when it is clear from what we have seen that so long as the standard of value is certain, the country can be left to regulate the quantity of its currency by the law of demand and supply.

Panics do not result from too little money, but generally because an era of speculation has resulted in many failures. If panics could be relieved by creating more money, why are they not relieved by using what exists. In 1893 the loans of the national banks amounted to $1,843,000,000. In 1892 they had been $2,171,000,000. Panics come not because men have no tools for the carrying on of trade, but because there is nothing to trade with, or because they find out they have been trading too much, and then follows a reaction or a lack of confidence in one another which kills credit, the life of trade. Our latest panic was not only largely due to the fear that Congress would do something with our monetary system that would disturb trade and commerce and injure our credit as a people, but to some causes that were world-wide in their operation, and to some that were due to Congressional interference with the laws of nature that govern exchanges, to protective tariff laws that hinder and eventually destroy commerce. This country has had a great economic debauch, the terrible penalty for which has been prolonged and debilitating. There is money enough in the country. There is gold enough for all the purposes for which we need money.

What the country needs is peace from the political financiers, and from prophets who believe that the more mowing-machines a farmer owns the more hay will he raise.

H. L. N.

THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC.

THE continent of Africa contains a small republic which is situated on the west coast, between 4° and 7° north latitude, extending about 400 miles along the coast and 50 to 150 miles into the interior. By reference to the map this is seen to be at the point where Africa most nearly approaches America.

Owing to this fact, it was formerly the best of slave-hunting grounds. Because of this fact, also, in later days, it was chosen as the spot where liberated slaves from the United States should endeavor, in the land of their fathers, to establish the civilization of the nineteenth century. Thus the progress of Liberia, the negro republic, cannot but be of interest to the American citizen, who sees in it a government modelled after his own, and who feels responsible in a measure for its success.

Recently the writer enjoyed a sojourn in this tropical land, travelling there in the old-fashioned way, by sail, in a vessel of 400 tons burden. Our passage from New York direct to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, occupied five weeks.

Here, upon landing, the strangest of contrasts were everywhere met. Native Africans, wearing only a cloth about the loins and bearing large spears, were mingling with Americo-Liberians dressed in spotless white—white hats, white suits, white shoes. Here and there we would see a native chief marching proudly, with a long retinue of attendants in single file behind him, their heads partly shaven, the remaining hair waxed and twisted into all sorts of fantastic forms, and their bodies anointed and glistening. The next person met would be dressed suitably for Broadway. The same extremes were observable in the buildings and implements used—the brick house at the side of the wicker hut; the American axe, saw, and plane together with the corresponding primitive tools of the natives—for there are conservatives even in Darkest Africa.

These contrasts, from the first to the nineteenth century, are explained by the fact that seventy years ago a small colony of negroes from the United States were sent here to find for themselves a home and a refuge under the protection of a few philanthropic Americans. After very severe struggles with hostile natives and a more hostile climate, they succeeded in establishing themselves, and with their descendants and re-enforcements from America they now control the country, although greatly outnumbered by native Africans.

Thus the population is divided into two classes—Americo-Liberians, who speak English, and some of whom have received liberal education in England and America; and uncivilized natives, constituting several tribes, each speaking a separate language and practising separate customs.

These tribes are nominally under control of the Liberian government, although each tribe has its chief and governs its own affairs. The various tribes are frequently at war, devastating one another's territory, while the handful of Americo-Liberians are helpless witnesses. Some of these tribes hold slaves, the tribe called Pessehs being the most frequent victims. The Veys are a powerful tribe inhabiting lands a little back from the coast. They are of superior intelligence, as shown by the fact that they have lately invented an alphabet for their language.

The Mandingo tribe is the most advanced in intelligence of all. They live far in the interior, and are seldom seen by the visitor to Liberia. They have intercourse with the Arabs of the Soudan, and so have become Mohammedans. They have books and schools, and many of them speak Arabic.

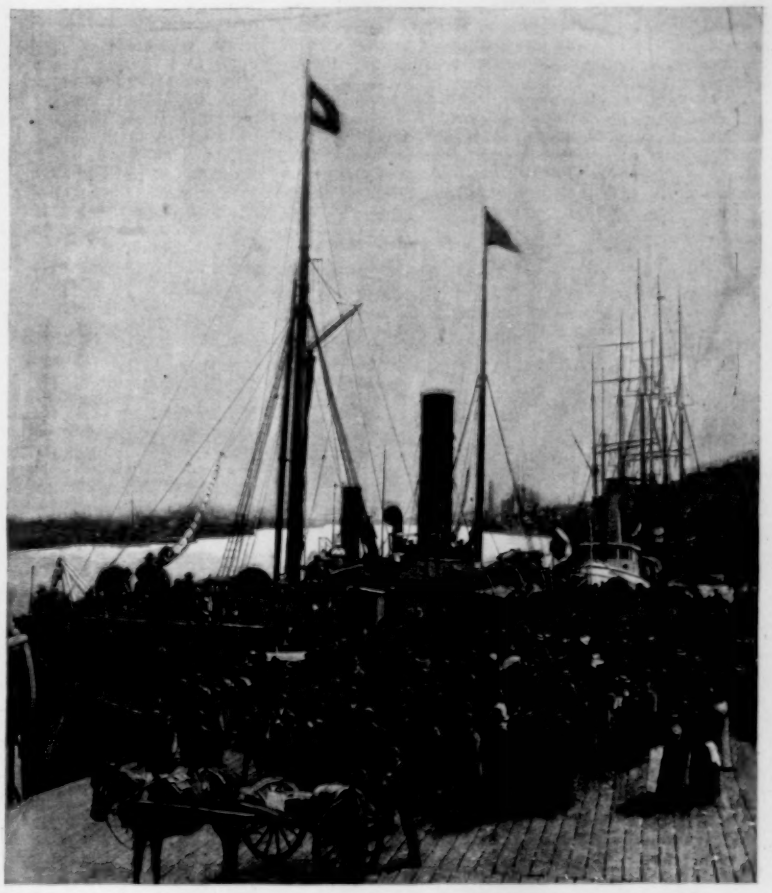
IN HENRY'S TOWN.

The tribe which inhabits the sea-coast district, and therefore which comes most closely in contact with the Americo-Liberians and the whites, is the Kroo tribe. Many of them speak English. Their chief occupation is working on board the ships that pass up and down this coast, and in carrying merchandise in their boats from ship to shore.

Under the terrible heat of the tropical sun white seamen are largely unfitted for service, hence squads of Kroos are taken aboard a vessel, and are there retained for several weeks, coasting along from town to town. When the ship is ready to return, the Kroo men, or Kroo boys, as they are everywhere called, are left at the last port, to work their way home by another boat. They have little towns all along the coast of Liberia, situated directly on the sands of the beach. They have no commerce, and live solely in the above-mentioned manner. They are a well-built race, and living so near the sea, are very cleanly.

The slave-hunters of former days found this tribe of great assistance to them in working their clumsy sailing-vessels along this coast, for their own sailors were frequently prostrated by heat or fever. Arrangements were made by which the Kroos agreed to assist, provided that none of their own number should ever be captured.

As a mark that the slavers might know them, all the men were tattooed with a blue mark, about one inch wide, running across the forehead from the hair to the nose, and often the whole length of the nose itself. The custom is still preserved, and the men, boys, and even babies present a rather peculiar appearance with their faces streaked by this long blue mark. They are very proud to say that their fathers never have been slaves.



DEPARTURE OF THE DANISH STEAMER "HORSA" FROM SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, MARCH 19, 1895, WITH TWO HUNDRED NEGROES ABOARD FOR LIBERIA.

Kroo-Town, their chief village, is situated on the beach at the foot of the hill upon which Monrovia stands. It covers much less ground, but the little huts are packed so closely, and each family is so numerous, that it rivals Monrovia in population. Each of these towns is said to contain about 4000 people.

As we approached the shore in a small surf-boat, native Kroos waded out to carry us on their backs to dry land. The streets of the town run directly into the sea, and we were at once the centre of a throng of children, who pulled at our watch chains, and examined critically every article of our dress and baggage. The kodak especially was the delight of old and young, and for a chance to look through its "finder" they crowded around until the air became somewhat stifling to the exhibitor. We walked through the town to reach Monrovia, and at each step encountered something as new and strange to us as was the kodak to the natives.

A row of finely woven wicker huts was on either side. The roofs were of thatch, and into the front of each house was built a low seat, where we saw men and women sitting cross-legged, preparing dinner, talking, or sleeping. Some of the women were smoking clay pipes. The children, running all about us, wore, as their only garment, a string of leopard's teeth about the neck, with often a similar string about the wrist or ankle. Women passed us everywhere bearing great jars of water upon their heads. This practice causes them to walk with a gently swinging motion which is extremely graceful. There seemed to be a large number of women and children, and we learned that it is the ambition of every Kroo to have as many wives as possible. As fast as he is able he buys a new wife from her father. If at the end of a certain time she does not prove satisfactory he may return her and receive his money. Daughters are, therefore, a source of income in a man's old age.

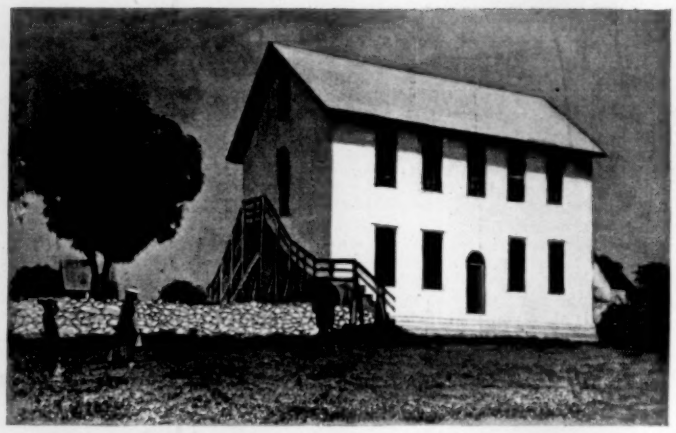
As we proceeded through the village we heard a most extraordinary noise, as of many people groaning and sobbing. Turning a corner, we saw, seated upon the ground before one of the huts, a group of women, all moaning and crying. A man lay dead inside the hut, and these were hired mourners, who wail without for three days, completing the whole by a great dance. As a reward they receive something to drink. While we stood watching, there was suddenly a silence, and a tall woman arose and made a thrilling speech, enlarging doubtless upon the virtues of the deceased. As she finished, the wails and moans were redoubled, until tears streamed down many of the faces.

A few more steps and we passed suddenly from Kroo-Town into Monrovia. Although these towns join, the people keep entirely separate, except in matters of business. The Kroos feel above their civilized neighbors, and of course their neighbors feel above them.

Entering Monrovia, therefore, we left the wicker huts behind, and found ourselves at once among wooden houses built upon stone foundations, with wooden floors, glass windows, doors, and chimneys. As we ascended the hill into the better part of the town there were brick houses with walled gardens, and several well-built churches. The ground rises eighty feet above the sea, and becomes a level plain. Here were public squares, government buildings, and the principal streets. These streets are very wide, and as there is no wheeled vehicle or beast of burden in Liberia they are filled with grass and bushes. The foot-path is usually in the centre of the street.

The larger number of houses are built of wood, and are

CHILDREN LEAVING SCHOOL-HOUSE AT MUHLENBURG MISSION.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

one story high. Those built of brick belong to a few merchants and high government officials.

Perhaps the largest building in Monrovia is the three-story Methodist Seminary. It was built by the aid of philanthropic people in the United States, but is now neglected, and is rapidly falling to decay. Indeed, wooden buildings in Liberia are soon ruined by a species of termite, which bores through and through the timbers with great rapidity.

Above the town rises a wooded hill; the summit, about one mile from the centre of Monrovia, is 250 feet above the sea. Upon this hill stands Liberia College. This building also was given by philanthropic Americans, many years ago. We found it in the heart of a forest so dense that one could not turn aside from the little beaten

METHOD OF TRAVEL IN LIBERIA.

path ten feet in either direction. The building was rapidly crumbling, and it was unsafe to walk upon the balconies. We found a staff of one professor, with three students, who in this savage jungle were struggling with the first book of algebra and Cæsar's *Commentaries*. There were no schools preparatory to the college. One of the students in a grammar class being asked to name the various classes of conjunctions, replied that they were of two kinds—subordinate and insubordinate.

Not being greatly impressed by the work done at the college, we wandered about the building, and ascending to its top, there burst upon our view a glorious scene, with such a wealth of tropical beauty that I can never adequately describe it. The beautiful sea dashed against the basaltic cliffs far below us. In one direction stretched a sandy beach and Kroo-Town, with its low thatched huts, and its wide streets dotted with moving black specks. Then landward lay Monrovia and its snow-white houses, its walled gardens filled with palm and banana trees, and its picturesque grassy streets and squares. Beyond, on every side, a deep unbroken forest, with hill-top rising above hill-top toward the far interior. A winding, canoe-specked stream curved out from the forest and emptied into the sea at Monrovia. In the jungle about us were gorgeously colored birds, from whose throats issued sounds entirely new—sometimes sweet, sometimes loud and startling. Even the butterflies and insects wore novel and gaudy dress and spoke a strange language. It was an Eden, a Paradise.

Our home while at Monrovia was with an American lady missionary, one of the few who have been able to live in this climate. From the depths of these dense forests and from these picturesque winding creeks there rises a deadly miasma, the terrible effects of which have caused the entire coast for a distance of several hundred miles to be called "The White Man's Grave." The little white graveyard, now sadly overgrown, tells of many a life sacrificed in a few months simply by inhaling this seemingly fresh and fragrant air. There are probably less than one dozen white people in Liberia, and the health of several of these is broken. I am very sure that no white child was ever born and reared in the country.

Wishing to see something of the interior, we ascended one of the streams, called St. Paul's River, a distance of twenty-five miles, to a mission station called Muhlenburg. The voyage was made in the only steamer in the republic. It was about thirty feet in length, was propelled by an imported engine of perhaps one horse-power, and had a captain, a mate, and an engineer, all of whom acted as polemen when the vessel happened to strand upon a bar of sand or mud.

For two or three miles after leaving Monrovia we passed through vast swamps filled with mangrove-trees and giant rushes. Even in this pestilential region, where the sun pours intense heat into the stagnant pools, filled with decaying vegetable matter, we saw small clearings where little rush huts were built, and where the native babies were plump and healthy. We soon passed into a region of higher country, where the shores became solid ground instead of swampy mud. The forests still extended to the water's edge, but the mangrove-trees now gave place to huge cottonwoods, one hundred feet in height, intermingled with many kinds of trees valuable for timber or for products useful in commerce. Rosewood, mulberry, saffron, African oak, hickory, sassawood, camwood—one of the most valuable dye-woods in the world—acacia or gum-arabic trees, caoutchouc-trees forty feet in height, and many others curious and useful. The undergrowth of brush, ferns, and vines seemed impassable.

Occasionally we passed a clearing of several acres where Americo-Liberians had planted coffee and sugar-cane. The St. Paul's River is nearly a half-mile wide, and is navigable for twenty-five miles. The bed then becomes rocky and the current too swift for boats. Muhlenburg, an American Lutheran mission, is situated at this point. Two hundred acres have been cleared and planted to coffee. We found four white missionaries living in a good-sized timber house; they suffered much from fever, and had buried or sent home many comrades, yet they had no thoughts of abandoning the field. Two of the four had been in Liberia eighteen years.

NATIVE LIBERIAN.

This is the largest mission station in the republic, and seemed well organized. There was a large frame building for such natives as had become civilized enough to wear clothing, another building for the wilder natives who aid on the farm, a church (also used as a school), a coffee-house, and a small machine-shop.

Young children are sent here from all parts of the country, and are taught English, reading, writing, and other simple studies, as well as how to clear land and to raise coffee and fruits. When of age they usually marry and settle near by, clearing away jungle and planting a small farm. In this way several square miles have already been transformed into productive land.

The day after our arrival here native carriers brought our boxes and trunks. Each man was paid in calico and other bright-colored stuffs. As the natives were all gathered around us an extraordinary character appeared—a man decked in outlandish fashion, a huge pistol suspended from his neck, and a horse-tail in his hand.

The crowd fell back as they saw him, and he advanced until within a few feet of us; then suddenly he stopped, waved the horse-tail, and commenced the wildest harangue imaginable. He walked up and down before us, and spoke so rapidly and so loudly that our ears rang.

He was a very powerful man, and would strike the earth with his bare hand so hard as to make a loud report. His voice, I have no doubt, could have been heard at a distance of half a mile. He spoke in his native language, so that we had no idea what was wanted or what we were expected to do. Every eye was upon us, however, and the man became every moment more frenzied and serious. We endeavored to appear pleasant and calm, but he flourished the horse-tail almost in our faces, while his voice became that of a steam-piano in its wildest efforts. Our heads began to ache, and our "knotted and combined locks to part," when we bethought us of the missionary. We called him, and he appeared, laughing. He told us to give our tormentor a few silver coins, which we quickly did, and the voice ceased so suddenly that the calm was almost painful. We found that the man was a new arrival at the mission, and was a "King's Praise Man." Every native king has such a man, selected for his tremendous voice and power of extemporaneous speech. When two kings meet, each "Praise Man" sings the praise of the visiting king, and each strives to outdo his rival in a frenzied extemporary harangue, lauding the magnificence, power, and nobility of his king. The horse-tail is a great rarity, as there are no horses except in the far interior. The pistol was obtained from traders, and was considered very grand. This man had been singing our praises—how we came from a far-off land to visit them, how beautiful we were, and how rich. We were not accustomed to quite such hearty praise, and its good effect lasted us for some time.

During our stay at the mission we made a short trip to a native village called Henry's Town, Henry being the name given its chief by the Americo-Liberians. Our journey was performed on foot, along a little beaten path through the great forest.

The patrician mode of travel is by hammock slung upon a pole and carried by two natives, but to those un-

STREET IN KROO-TOWN.

HENRY'S WIFE NURSING BABY, SMOKING A PIPE, AND PREPARING DINNER.

WAILING KROO WOMEN, KROO-TOWN.

used to the motion, walking is preferable. The country was beautiful, abounding in streams of fresh cold water. The trees seemed of endless variety. The trunks of many were entirely hidden by a thick carpeting of ferns and moss. In places the forest would appear very similar to a thick wood at home, but a short distance away it would become jungle so dense with vines, giant trees, and undergrowth as hardly to let in the sunlight. Animal life was abundant. We counted seventy hanging-birds' nests in a single tree, and over fifty in several others. We saw ant-hills whose tops we could not reach, and other ant-homes which resembled open umbrellas. The gorgeously painted insects, sometimes the size of humming-birds, might be described by measurement and by scientific terms, but it would be impossible to do justice to their æsthetic beauty.

Several hours of this delightful walk brought us to Henry's Town. Everybody came out to receive us, and we had to shake hands with the whole village, a rather complicated process which consisted in snapping the fingers of the person whose hand you held. We were shown to Henry's house, which he immediately vacated, and invited us to make it our own. A native delicacy called "dumboy" was brought us as refreshment. It was a sort of dough covered with a highly seasoned soup. This dough cannot be chewed, but is rolled into little balls with the fingers and tossed down the throat.

A toss apiece sufficed our party, and we turned attention to the canned meats and vegetables that we had brought with us. We spread our dinner upon a mat before the door and ate, while the natives surrounded us and gazed with wonder to see men eating with knives and forks from white plates. An hour later the natives seated themselves on the ground around a large kettle filled with hot rice. Each dipped his hand into the kettle and ate the rice from off his fingers. This time the white men were the spectators, and made as many laughing comments as the natives had made an hour before.

After dark, mats were strewn upon the ground in the centre of the village, and all came and sat down to hear the white man talk. The missionary who had accompanied us then began to preach in English, pausing at the end of each sentence for Henry, who speaks six languages, to translate to his people. It was a weird sight, that congregation seated and lying upon the mats, their dark bodies lighted by the fire always burning in the square, while behind them were the dim outlines of the thatched mud huts, shaded by palm and banana trees. The sermon was upon the rich man and Lazarus, and ran something as follows:

"Once there was a man who was plenty rich." Translation by Henry. "He have plenty yams, plenty cassada, plenty coffee." Translation. "He no give thank to God for all these things, but think he ought to have 'em." Again the translation, and again the missionary endeavoring to adapt to the minds of this simple people some of the great Bible truths.

They listened very attentively, and when moved would utter curious exclamations made with the mouth closed. After the sermon we all went to our mats and hammocks, as an early monkey-hunt had been planned for the morrow.

Long before daylight we were awakened, and after a hasty breakfast started for Mount Coffee, with Henry as our guide. Monkeys are very wary, and must be sought just at dawn, while feeding. We marched single file through the rank high vegetable growth which the dew had watered like rain. The Southern Cross shone brightly above our heads. Just as light began to appear we reached the mountain, or rather hill, called Mount Coffee. This was the feeding-ground, and Henry whispered to step silently. He himself showed great skill by moving rapidly over the dead sticks and through the thick bushes without making a sound or seeming to move a leaf. We followed as best we could, but I fear rather discouraged him by our vain efforts to walk quietly. Finally, however, he stopped and listened. We heard nothing, but in a moment, with beaming face, he beckoned us to come. The light in the deep forest was so dim and the trees where Henry pointed were so high that it was some time before we discovered, in the branches, about one hundred feet from the ground, a dozen little black bodies. These were the monkeys at breakfast; but how to get one! The leaves and branches were too dense to shoot through with shot-guns. We stepped cautiously along to find a more open spot, when, by the crackling of a twig, the monkeys were alarmed. They looked down for an instant, saw us, and vanished. Nothing remained but a few swinging boughs. We hunted several hours, but those were our last monkeys. The freshness of the morning and the strange and curious animal and vegetable forms on every side repaid all our efforts, however. Several species of monkey are found in Liberia, among them a handsome little black animal called a yank, or yankee, from his long silvery-white goatee. Chimpanzees are also frequently seen. Among the larger game are deer, leopards, hippopotami, and elephants. Leopards are much valued for their skins and teeth, which are used for ornament—the skins to adorn hats and mantles, or to cover the handles of spears, the teeth to hang upon the necks of women and children. Hippopotami are often seen in the rivers even near the coast, but elephants are only to be found at a distance of several days' journey into the interior.

Soon after our monkey-hunt we returned to the mission station, and later descended to the coast, where we embarked on an English steamer for the Canary Isles and Europe. Our visit to Liberia had dispelled many of our illusions concerning its prosperity, present and future. All things seemed to be just existing, without any hope of improvement. The spirit and energy of the people seemed dead. Whatever buildings or plantations we saw that represented capital or enterprise were of an earlier date, and were fast decaying. The standard of morality was very low, and disorder everywhere prevailed.

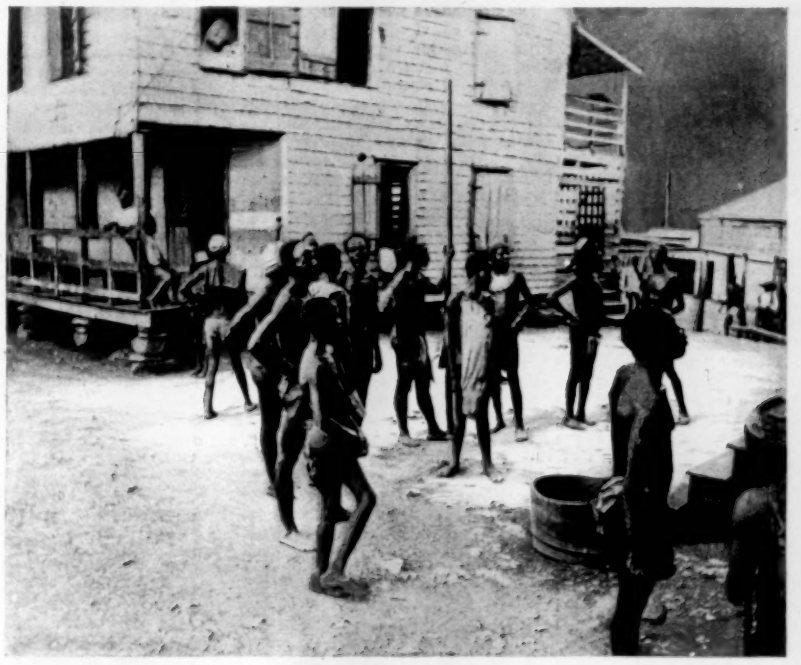
This lack of healthy enterprise is no doubt chiefly due to the climate, which, with fevers and heat, renders one extremely languid even in a few weeks. The Americo-Liberians born and reared in the United States are almost or quite as susceptible to these fevers as white men, and many die within a few months after arrival. The sailing-vessel which conveyed us from New York also carried sixty-three colored men and women from the Southern States. Six months later ten of them had died. They were sent to Liberia at the expense of the American Colonization Society, which has sent over many similar companies.

These people are supported six months by the society, at the end of which time their crops are supposed to be growing. Sickness, improvidence, and an utter ignorance of their new conditions, however, often reduce them to extreme want and despair.

We found one or two primary schools, and the college already described. There was no bank, and money was kept in hiding-places. There was no hospital, nor even a doctor, and many terrible and contagious diseases were prevalent.

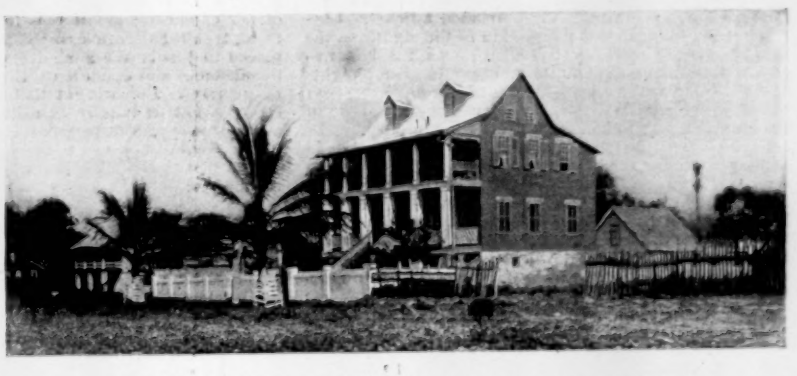
Owing to the lack of push and energy the fertile ground produced little, and it was scarcely worth a ship's time to stop in port. During the past year two white men from New York have made Liberia an experimental station, planting coffee, ginger, pineapples, and other tropical fruits, as well as examining the forests for valuable timber and medicinal plants. If their investigations prove satisfactory companies will be formed, roads built, beasts of burden introduced, and a commerce attempted. Until some such energetic push comes from without Liberia will sleep on.

G. G. BROWNELL.



CARRIERS AT THE MUHLENBERG MISSION.

STREET SCENE IN MONROVIA.



ONE OF THE FINEST HOUSES ON MAIN STREET, MONROVIA.

TENNESSEE RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.

In the early part of last September my eye hit upon a paragraph in the morning papers which made me thoughtful. Strange how a little thing at one time will start a train of thought when a whole university faculty could not inspire one at another. The paragraph contained the information that the River and Harbor bill had not been returned by President Cleveland, and hence had become a law without his signature. The question at once arose in my mind, why did not the President sign that bill? Could it have been carelessness or a rush of more important duties? I emptied my pipe over the veranda rail of the summer hotel where I had been spending the season, and sought a copy of the bill, expecting to find the amount of the appropriation quite trifling. The bill was longer than I expected, but having had some difficulty in obtaining the copy, I felt called upon to read it through. I learned much about American geography and something about figures, for I made a copy of the various items upon the margin of my daily paper. I ran down over the figures; they footed up $10,694,480—no trifling amount. Mr. Cleveland could never have attained his present position, thought I, if he is a man who overlooks items of that magnitude in his daily transactions. There must be some intent behind this apparent neglect.

I passed on through the list of appropriations to the list of recommendations for new work. Here I came upon a paragraph recommending that the War Department cause a preliminary examination to be made of the Okanogan River, in the State of Washington, "from mouth to head of navigation." Head of navigation? Okanogan River? What can this mean? I looked again to assure myself that it was not a joke. Why, I have walked across that stream within a mile of its mouth and scarcely wet my shoes. I have crossed it and recrossed it at a hundred places; I have ridden my pony from its mouth to its source, and will take my oath that there are not a dozen white families living along its banks, a distance of perhaps seventy-five miles. I have photographed them all from Okanogan Smith, at Sooyos Lake, to Tenass George, who lives "where the trail comes over from Loomis's," and on down to Wild-Goose Bill's, "where the rope ferry crossed the Columbia."

Is this the way our national representatives are spending the hard-earned money of our forefathers? thought I. True, all that country needs, like the place mentioned by Hoyt, is a "little rain and good society," but the rainmakers have failed, and the good society would be run out if it tried to get a hold there. It is a good place to get up a boom in city lots and mining stock, because moneyed people cannot get in there to investigate their purchases; but as for raising anything—well, that is out of the question.

Being a Republican, my mind quickly hit upon a solution of this ten-million-dollar appropriation. It is another case of Democratic thieving, said I, aloud, and with much partisan indignation, as I brought my fist down on the arm of the chair; but on turning back a few pages in the document I was reading, I found that the last Republican Congress appropriated $21,042,718, and the one preceding passed a bill giving $24,315,295 for the same purpose. My eyes opened with surprise as I undertook to count the millions upon millions that this nation has expended and is planning to expend on its inland waterways, but I said no more on the subject of Democratic stealing.

I returned to the long column of figures I had made on the margin of the newspaper, and came to this item: "Improving the Tennessee River below Chattanooga, $400,000." I let my finger rest there while my eye ran down the balance of the column. This was the largest single item in the appropriations for 1894, so I decided to commence my investigation here. The next item was $50,000 for the same river above Chattanooga, and still other items for the various branches of this river.

Four hundred thousand dollars! I sought the library of a friend to learn more about this Tennessee River. There I read from other government reports that this river with its branches has twelve hundred and fifty-five miles of navigable water, six hundred and twenty-three of which are of the river proper. Twelve hundred and fifty-five miles! Why, that would be from New York to St. Louis. Can it be possible? I found others equally ignorant about this great navigable waterway which was consuming so much of our government's attention and money. I looked further. Figures began to pile upon figures until I had checked off a total of over $5,000,000 that had already been expended upon this stream and its branches. As I read further amid the dry documents of the War Department, I learned that the work had scarcely been begun, for engineers sent out by the government had estimated that about $9,000,000 more could be advantageously expended on this same stream, a part of which was to be used for investigating as to the advisability of a still larger appropriation. The figures became bewildering. Fourteen million dollars for improving a river I knew so little about! It was evident my camera and I would have to take at least one more trip at home before looking for great rivers abroad.

I started out, fully determined to avail myself of the great expenditure on the part of a generous government, by taking a steamer ride the whole twelve hundred and fifty-five miles. Chattanooga seemed to be the point above and below which these expenditures had been made. I had heard of the famous inn on Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, and immediately purchased a ticket. I arrived at the summit of the mountain in the night, and the next morning being misty, I decided it would be better to buy (a scandalous thought I know my brother Knights of the Camera will say) rather than take a photograph of the great "Moccasin Bend," which was my first view of the river that was to be the subject of my inquiry.

It was beautiful October weather, and I lost no time in seeking a steamer dock preparatory to a trip up or down the river, it was immaterial which.

What! No boats running? All aground? Dry season, I suppose; but I should think they would construct the boats so as to draw less water. I was informed that the largest boats on the river drew less than five feet, and some of them not over a foot and a half. I could make no further suggestions on this line, for a steamer that drew less than a foot and a half would hardly be up to the dignity of a fourteen-million-dollar appropriation. Disappointed but not discouraged, I went to the office of the *Tradesman*, and began to look up old files in search of light upon the subject. I obtained much interesting information bearing upon the history of the government's expenditures in the channel of the river. I learned that it was not some sudden fancy that had recently struck our government, but that the question first arose in 1824, when Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War under President Monroe. That gentleman called attention to the fact that this great river was navigable in high water from its source to its mouth, except at Muscle Shoals, in Alabama, about 195 miles below Chattanooga.

I read everything I could find on the subject, but perhaps the thing that was the most in the line of my investigation was the prophesies held out by various speakers and writers as to what would happen were this one obstacle removed. My enthusiasm was aroused by such extracts as these: "The benefits that will result to the States of Alabama and Tennessee are incalculable." "Through the new outlet, the timber of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the marble of Knoxville, the iron, coal, and coke of the Chattanooga district, and the agricultural products of 56,000 square miles of territory will find their way to the great markets of the South and West." "The Tennessee River will be to Chattanooga what the Ohio River is to Pittsburg." "It will reduce freight rates by rail, create new industries, infuse new life into old communities." The prophesies were strong, and written in a language that carried conviction.

Perhaps my investigation would have been limited to the libraries, had I not met with the following paragraph admirably adapted to fire the blood of an amateur photographer: "The route of the proposed Muscle Shoals Canal is exceedingly picturesque, and presents many attractive features to the tourist traveller. On one side rises a succession of limestone cliffs worn into an infinity of curious forms by the action of water, and draped with mosses, vines, and wild flowers; on the other the river, a mile in width, studded with wooded islands, roars and foams over the barriers of rock that constitute its famous shoals."

That paragraph was too much for me. I decided to go down the river, and accordingly consulted the register of water-levels which the government posts daily. It read thus, "0. F.," the first character indicating that the depth of the water is less than a foot, the second that it is still falling. I did not wait for high water, but took my camera and went down as I fear others will often be compelled to go even after the whole fourteen million dollars shall have been expended. I went down in a dugout. The trip of 195 miles was beautiful and wild, the canal all it was represented to be, and I felt new vigor with which to continue my investigation. I found its history interesting. The first survey was made in 1828, and submitted in 1830. Congress having voted four hundred thousand acres of land to the State of Alabama to be applied principally to the improvement of the Muscle and Colbert shoals. In 1831 the State of Alabama took up the work, and in 1836 opened to navigation a canal 14¼ miles long, 60 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, with 17 locks 120 feet between mitre sills, 32 feet wide, with an average lift of 6 feet. This canal cost $700,000, but proved of little use, as other obstructions still prevented practical navigation above and below, and the following year the canal was abandoned for lack of funds with which to maintain it. For forty years the canal lay a ruin. Good-sized trees grew up in its channel, and others forced its masonry apart.

In 1867 a new examination was made of the river from Chattanooga to the Ohio, and extensive improvements recommended. December, 1875, saw the first dirt broken in the second Muscle Shoals Canal, the most extensive improvement of its kind ever undertaken by our government. It consists of sixteen miles of open-channel improvement, with the necessary permanent dams and bridges over the several creeks and ravines. The canal trunk is from 70 to 120 feet wide at the water's surface, 6 feet deep, and contains 11 locks with an average lift of 10 feet. The canal is carried over the mouth of Shoal Creek in an aqueduct constructed of steel plates and supported by 546 18-inch iron girders. This structure is 860 feet long, 60 feet wide, 5 feet deep on the mitre sills, and rests on 27 cut-stone piers and abutments. The work has evidently been well done, and our nation should be proud of her engineers; but if it is to serve only as a monument, then it has been a costly one and is rather remotely placed to justify the annual expenditure of $65,000 for maintenance and operation. But let us trust that it was not merely as a monument that this great outlay was incurred. Let us inquire as to the benefits of the canal, and this may lead us to give the project our full approval.

The canal was opened to navigation November 10, 1890, and its first two years of business practically ended June 30, 1893, with the following showing in freight tonnage:

Years ending June 30, 1892 and 1893.

	1892.	1893.
Lumber	730	2856
Cotton	199	122
Grain	1585	332
Flour	....	598
Oak extract	1000	400
General merchandise	1056	1778
Logs	900	2301
Iron	1130	....
Coal	315	4
Total number of tons	6915	8391

An annual traffic of 8391 tons, or one good load for an ocean steamer. Let us see what this costs the government. The total expenditure at the shoals up to September 3, 1890, was $2,817,341 18, which at three per cent. makes an annual interest charge of $84,520,23, and maintaining the canal costs $65,000 annually, making a total annual expense of $149,520 23 at this one point, which, divided by the number of tons of freight annually passing through the canal, gives a cost to the government of $17 81 per ton, which far exceeds the gross value of the freight; and were we to consider the total expenditures above this point of the river, it would bring the cost up to $25 per ton. We evidently must look elsewhere if we would find any adequate return for the government's appropriations.

The prophets said that this canal would cause the railway companies to reduce their freight rates, and thus give the country drained by this great river an indirect advantage. This may be so. Uncle Sam has been pictured in many attitudes, but this is the first time I ever saw him represented with a fourteen-million-dollar whip in his hand trying to drive the great railway companies to give low tariff rates. No statistics can be had that will give any accurate returns upon this item, but its results will certainly show in the development of the industries along the country drained by this great river, so let us look away from the river to the city that the prophets told us would soon become a second Pittsburg, and the hamlets that were to become cities. Alas! their population in 1894 is not as great as when the canal opened in 1890. Where, then, lie the benefits of this constantly recurring item in the River and Harbor bill, Improvements in the upper Tennessee?

It has been said that the French government is sustained by internal improvements in the city of Paris; the English by her foreign policy and appointments; the city of New York by her police appointments, and our own great national questions are passed or defeated according to the *geographical distribution* of the funds in our River and Harbor bill. Perhaps this is where the solution lies I merely ask the question, and leave it for others to answer.

C. W. Robinson.

Location of Improvements.	Navigation at High Water. Miles.	Amount Expended and Contracted for to June 30, 1893.	Additional Amount Estimated.	Tons of Freight Carried Year ending June, 1893.*
Tennessee River.				
Above Chattanooga	188	$292,090.08	$3,000,000.00	91,187
From Chattanooga to Bee Tree Shoals	260	3,662,029.09 (502,902.68 then under contract.)	5,837,939.81	77,325
From Bee Tree Shoals to Ohio River	225		Survey recommended to ascertain amount.	344,553
Branches.				
Holston River			Not yet surveyed.	
French Broad River	90	$52,523.48	$88,000.00	12,500
Little Tennessee River			Not yet surveyed.	
Clinch River	145	35,806.26	$11,000.00	25,000
Emery River	8		Survey recommended to ascertain amount.	
Hiawassee River	43	33,338.78		10,129
Elk River			Survey recommended to ascertain amount.	
Duck River	68	13,000.00	$22,000.00	
Sequatchie River	50	5,000.00	Survey recommended to ascertain amount.	

* The same freight passed over several divisions, hence the heavy duplication in this column.

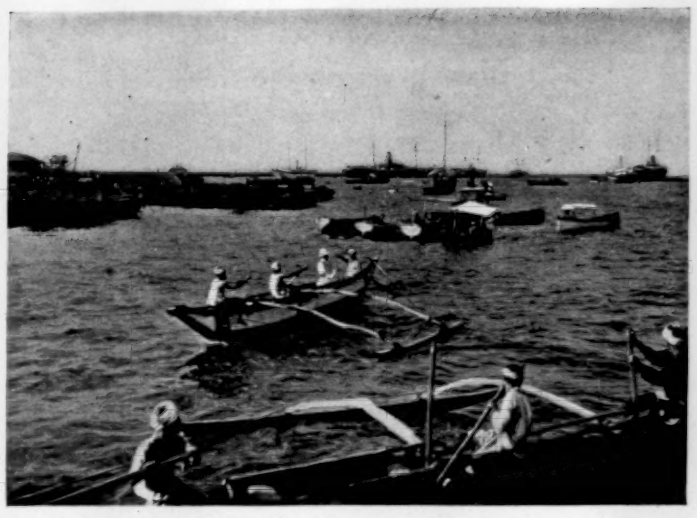
AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CEYLON AND ITS CAPITAL.

THE approach to Ceylon in general, and to the town and harbor of Colombo in particular, is much more pleasing than striking. As the steamer draws in towards the land, indeed, the view presents a certain sameness of effect. The long line of the coast lies low, and slopes with a very gentle curve upwards towards broken-looking ranges of mountains that seem to be thirty or forty miles away, and are a good deal obscured by white mists that cling around their tops. The city and harbor of Colombo must be almost reached before they can be seen. Originally only an open bay exposed to the full sweep of the southwest monsoon, nothing but the scarcity of good harbors in the island can render the fact intelligible that it has been an important centre of commerce for at least six hundred years. The southwest monsoon, it is true, only prevails at one season, a circumstance which was, no doubt, of importance at a time when the requirements of commerce did not include the regular despatch of mails every day or two to some part of the globe. Colombo is now the official capital of Ceylon. The name is a corruption of "Kalambu," an Arabic, and not a native, name for the port. It was the post originally taken and fortified by the Portuguese in 1520, and held by them in defiance of the repeated efforts of the native princes, until in the year 1656 it was taken from them by the Dutch, who in their turn surrendered it to Great Britain in 1796.

As the steamer approaches the shore, which looks like a dense forest of not very brilliantly colored trees, the first sign of human occupation that catches the eye is a light-house perched on a rock perhaps a hundred feet high, which forms a kind of point at the southern end of the bay. As we clear the longer and lower point at the northern end we suddenly find ourselves almost within the harbor. Before us, stretching nearly a mile, is the great breakwater which has transformed the bay of Colombo from an open roadstead into a secure harbor. Begun in 1875, this great work extends from the southern point of the bay almost directly across the entrance. The massive construction of the work is well illustrated by our picture, which shows a piece of the masonry and one of the large travelling-cranes used in making repairs.



COLOMBO—IN THE HARBOR.

NATIVE WATERING-PLACE IN THE LAKE.

The breakwater is built of huge blocks of concrete, and has a seaward wall and a broad carriage drive on the top, which is used as a sea-parade by the European inhabitants.

As our steamer rounds the end of the breakwater we at once exchange the long swell of the Indian Ocean, which breaks sullenly on the dazzling face of the breakwater, for the glassy smoothness of the harbor within. Our illustration, while it gives a fair idea of the harbor itself, can give none at all of the exuberant and curious life which, as if by magic, seems instantly to surround the newly arrived steamer. Sailing-boats, rowing-boats, canoes, catamarans, and even shapeless logs of wood paddled by the hands of laughing coffee-colored boys surround the vessel amidst a perfect pandemonium of yells, shouts, and screams with which the occupants of each vessel call attention to their own particular wares, which are held up to public view and criticism. Our picture, which represents the view from the beach nearly opposite the custom-house, shows the long dark line of the breakwater, inside of which the larger steamers lie at anchor. There are no wharves running out to deep water, so that all landing of passengers is done, by means of small boats, upon the beach. On the left of our illustration are the coal wharves, with a number of the flat barges used for supplying coal to the steamers; similar barges are used for loading and unloading merchandise.

Colombo itself, which contains a population of fully 120,000 souls, is rather a pretty and romantic than an imposing city. There is no really fine street and but few fine buildings in the town. From the anchorage in the harbor it presents the appearance of a confusion of tiled roofs of a dull red color following the circle of the bay, and more than half hidden by the tall swaying palms and trees of lower growth but brighter color that almost encroach upon the beach. Here and there the spire of a church or the minarets of a mosque soar above the trees, and in one place the strangely shaped tower of a Buddhist temple shows itself in the background. A walk through the town confirms the general impression formed at a distance. The streets are for the most part wide and well kept. They are shaded by trees, some of which are very beautiful, especially a species of hibiscus, which grows to a large size.

At a short distance inland the visitor reaches the shore of the fresh-water lake—a feature at once highly ornamental and of the greatest practical value to the city. Our three illustrations serve to indicate its value in as many directions. The sheet of water is a fine one, and its margin, shaded by palms and other Oriental-looking shrubs and trees, harmonizes well with the noisy crowds of natives who are engaged, *en déshabillé*, in laundry work for the shipping, or in obtaining water for use in the city. Here and there a bungalow, like that given in our picture, fronts the margin of the lake, and in the evenings the water is enlivened by the presence of boats in which linen-clad Europeans enjoy the comparative coolness of the air after sunset.

The population of Colombo, like that, indeed, of all Ceylon, is a very mixed one. The Singhalese, or original inhabitants, are in a large majority, it is true, but Tamils, Mohammedan settlers, burghers, recalling the hundred and fifty years of the Dutch occupation, are present in considerable numbers, while the Parsee merchant may be recognized in his spotless robes, and the British military officer or official civilian may be at once distinguished by his leisurely gait and his air of assured superiority.

COLOMBO.

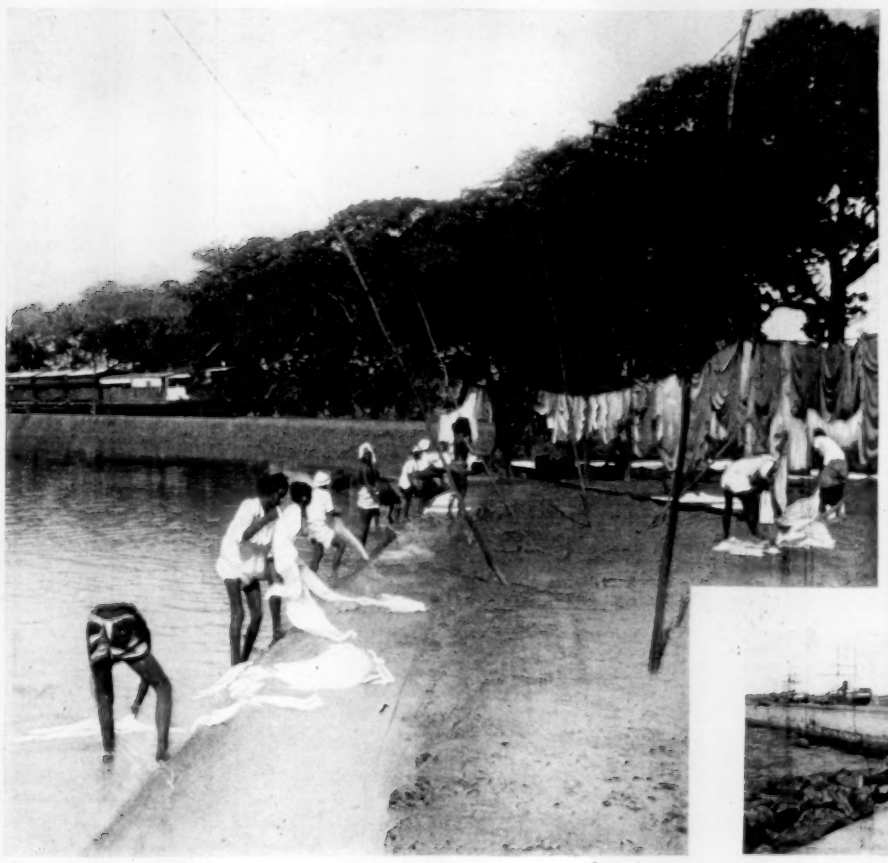
BY MAJOR J. G. PANGBORN.

COLOMBO, Ceylon's chief seaport, lying as it does directly in the track of the English, French, German, Austrian, and Italian steamship lines to and from China and Japan, as well as those to and from Australia, is rapidly assuming an aspect which in the near future will render it one of the most important cities of the East.

The harbor of Colombo, through the construction of the great stone breakwater, extending nearly a mile outward into the ocean, was made a fairly good one, better by far than many of those at the much older ports of the Mediterranean. Plans are, however, now practically completed for an additional breakwater of an even greater extent than the original, which is to be so constructed as to insure the protection of vessels coming in and going to anchor at all seasons of the year and in any weather. The British India, Peninsular and Oriental, Orient, Holt, Clan, and other English steamship lines, as well as the North German Lloyd, the Messageries, Austrian Lloyd, and others, now make Colombo a regular port of call, and there is scarcely a day that two or three ships do not come to anchor within the harbor.

The railway system of India now extends to Tuticorin south, but it is proposed to construct a line from Madura, on the South Indian Railway, southeast to a point of connection with the contemplated crossing from Ceylon, a line in the latter-named country having already been surveyed from Kandy to Manaar, and a second survey also run from Colombo, following the west coast to the same point. The construction at the crossing, it has been found, will not be particularly difficult, the bridging proper being confined to something like three miles. There will have to be a draw over the deeper part of the channel, which at the best only permits of the passage of light-draught craft, and is principally used by sailing-vessels conducting a minor native trade.

With the Ceylon railway system connected with that of India, which has reached a mileage exceeding that of twenty thousand, Colombo would become the principal seaport of so vast a territory as to be spoken of as a continent, and the large aggregated expenditure upon the railway system south of Bombay would be turned to the advantage of the entire country.



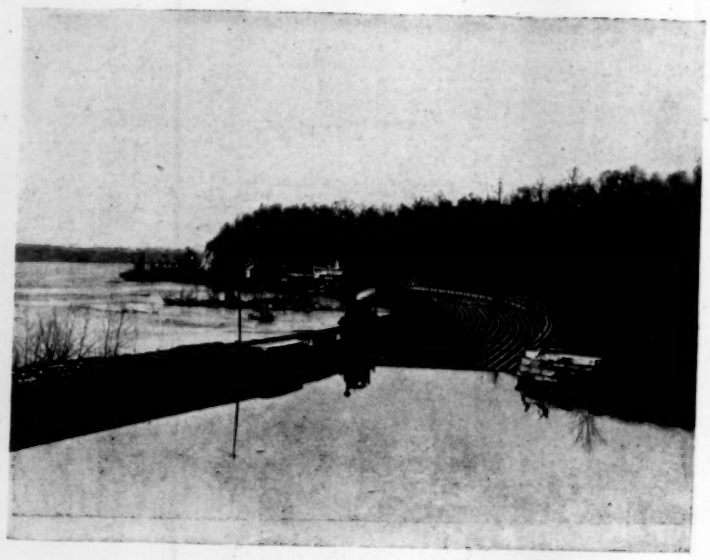
WASH-DAY.

A BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE.

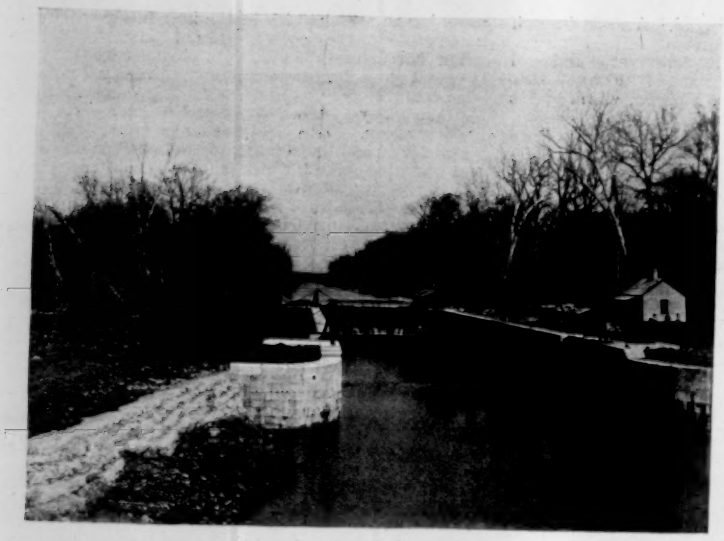
THE BREAKWATER.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN COLOMBO.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

SHOAL CREEK AQUEDUCT FULL.



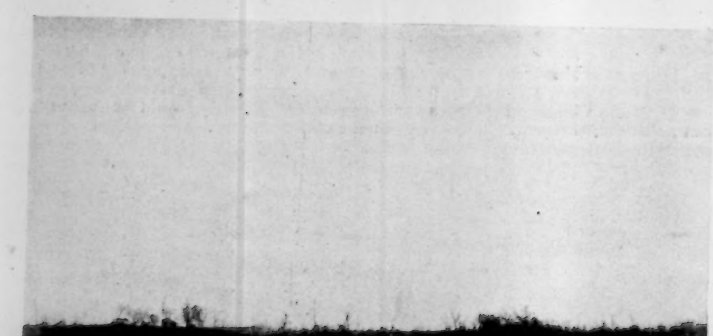
SHOAL CREEK AQUEDUCT (EMPTY FOR DRY-DOCK PURPOSES).

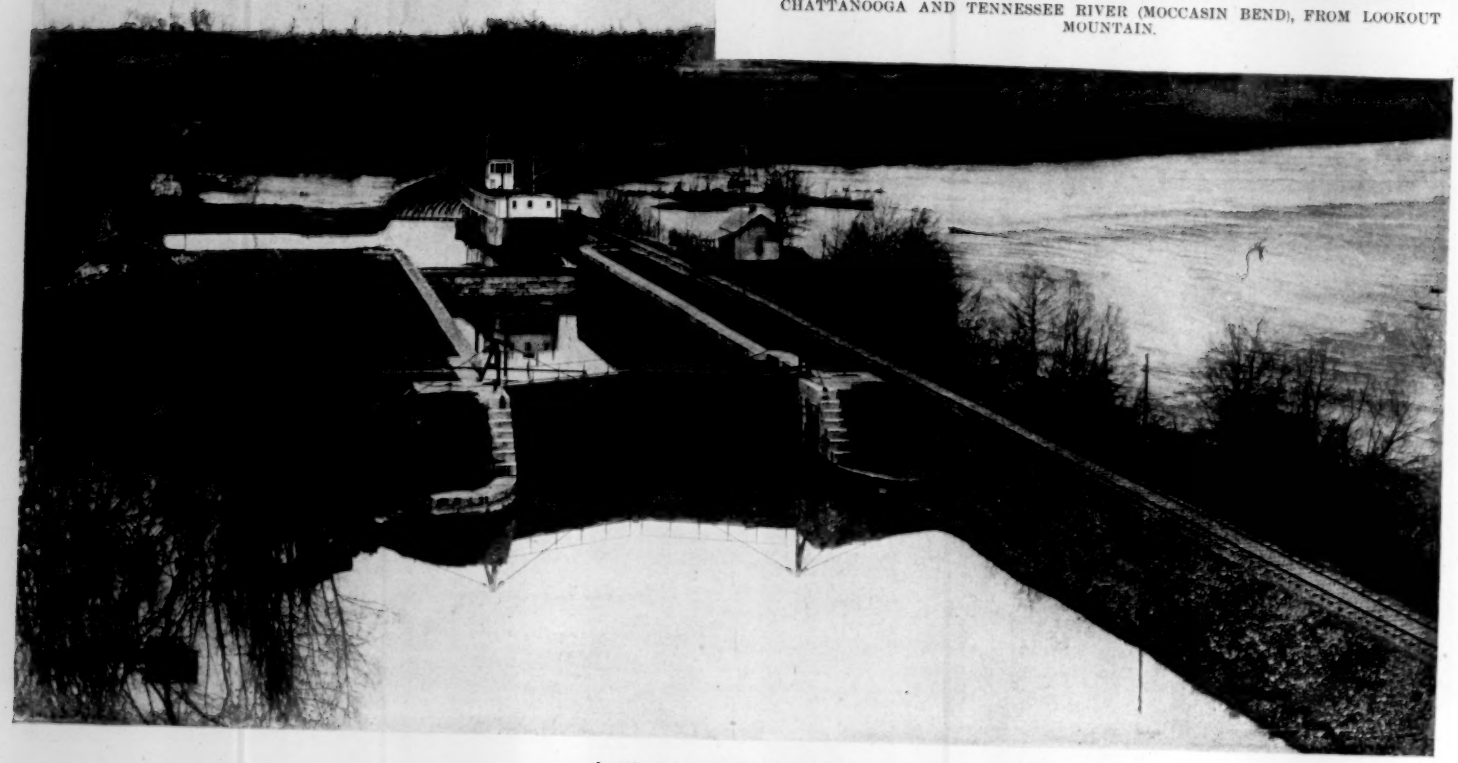


ELK RIVER CANAL, FROM LOCK B.

LOCK A, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

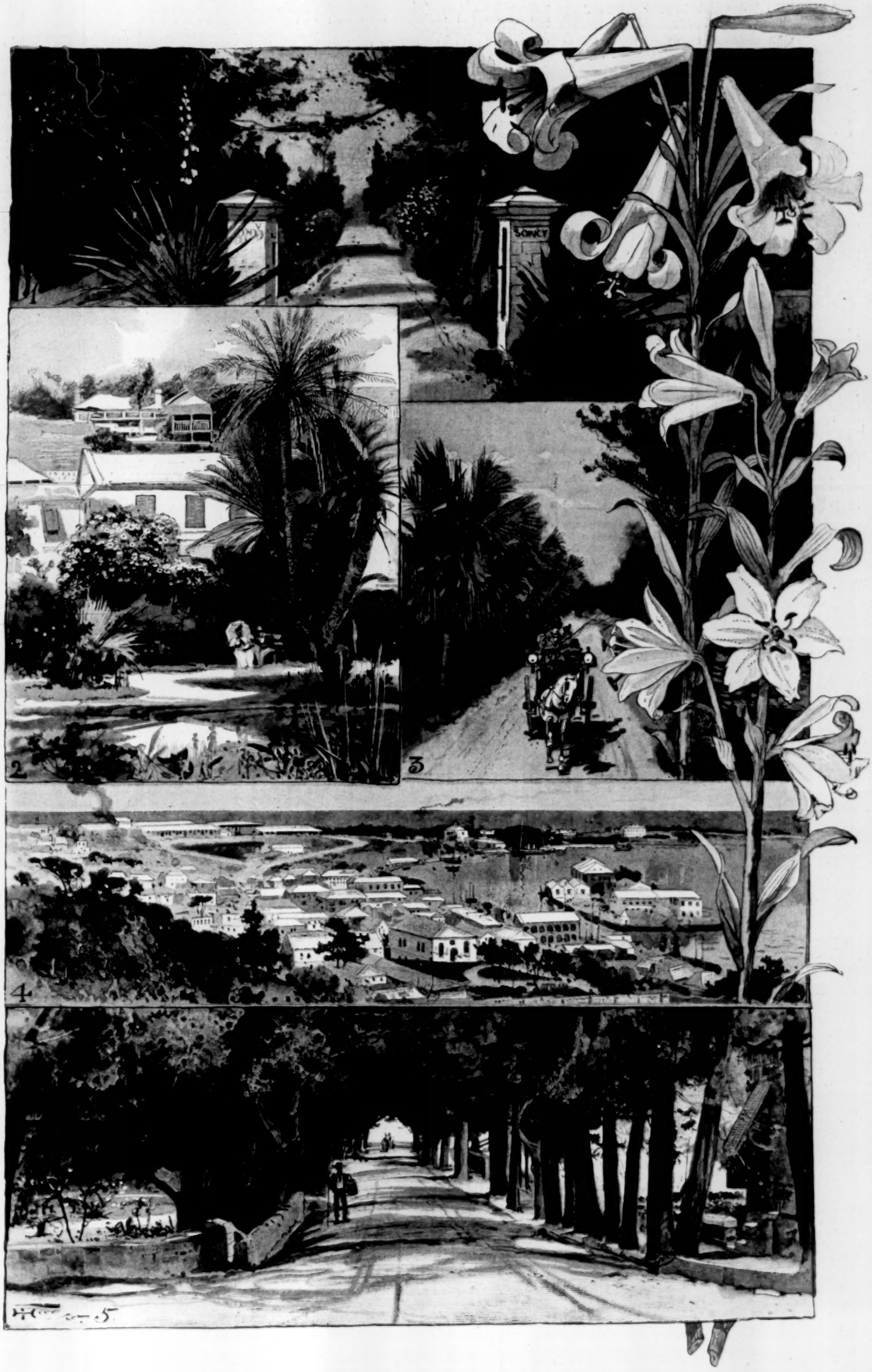
CHATTANOOGA AND TENNESSEE RIVER (MOCCASIN BEND), FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.





LOCK NO. 7 AND AQUEDUCT.

THE "RIVER AND HARBOR BILL"—TENNESSEE RIVER "IMPROVEMENTS."—[See Page 398.]



SKETCHES IN BERMUDA.—Drawn by Harry Fenn after Photographs.—[See Page 402.]

1. The Entrance to Soncy. 2. In the Governor's Grounds. 3. A Road near Hamilton. 4. View of Hamilton and its Harbor. 5. Cedar Avenue, Hamilton, a favorite Promenade.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT BERMUDA.

It seems as if it would save the writer's time in talk to set down here some surface information about Bermuda, in reply to questions by people intending to go there, or by those who want reasons for not going.

Bermuda, or the group of islands sometimes called The Bermudas, or Somers Islands, is shaped something like a lobster with the tail curled up; the portion stretching away to St. George's, with its two large sounds, Harrington Sound and Castle Harbor, enclosed by ragged coasts and rocky islands, suggesting a little the claws of the animal reaching out for its food in wrecks and derelict vessels, and harboring in old days piratical craft and blockade-runners. There are several hundreds of these islands —they count three hundred and sixty-five, to equal the days of the year and the churches of Rome—and all the important ones, save one short break between Boaz and Somerset, are connected by causeways and bridges. From the extreme tip of the curled tail, Ireland Island, where is the navy-yard, with a huge floating dry dock, said to be the largest in the world, one can walk or drive, or tread his bicycle, nearly thirty miles to the town of St. George's. Between Ireland Point and Spanish Point, on the mainland, it is not more than a mile and a half, and here is Grassy Bay, the usual steamer anchorage. These points and the curve spoken of enclose the Great Sound, and it is through this that the narrow channel, strewn with islands, leads up to the dock at Hamilton, the largest town, situated about midway in the long stretch of islands. Here are the principal hotels and shops, and its permanent population is about four thousand. Here is a good stone dock, at which the steamers lie; but they can only reach it or leave it in certain stages of the tide; at low tide even the passenger-boats from New York anchor in Grassy Bay, and send their passengers by lighters up to Hamilton, for which the passengers have the privilege of paying fifty cents each for the completion of their voyage—a sum readily given by those who are eager to finish their short but commonly nasty trip.

The group of islands is wholly surrounded by reefs, which come near the surface. On the southerly side these reefs are near the shore, but on the northerly side are at a distance of from five to seven miles. The only practical entrance within the reefs is at the St. George's end of the group, and incoming vessels intended for Hamilton must pass through a tortuous but well-buoyed channel the length of the group. Outside the reefs is the very deep sea, and it is said that the islands stand upon a mountain-peak in the ocean, spreading out a little like a toadstool. The hope is that no catastrophe will break off the stem. The islands are honeycombed with caves; the ocean water flows by mysterious ways into the inner sounds; on the south side the sand is continually blown up, and in the sounds and the north exposure the fretting water is always eating away the friable rock. It is a capital naval and military station, perfectly defended by its reefs, for if the buoys were removed all approaching vessels would be likely to share the fate of Sir George Somers and most of the other early adventurers. Indeed, it is a sort of spider's net for ships, and all about among the islands one sees the spines and bones of vessels that have been wrecked or sought refuge there in distress. Years ago, when it was proposed to erect the light on St. David's Island, commanding the St. George's entrance, there was a great outcry against it as a flying in the face of Providence and a sacrilegious interference with legitimate business.

Bermuda is about 760 miles southeast of New York, and about the same distance from Charleston—in the latitude of the latter. The schedule time of the voyage is forty-eight hours, and in favorable weather this is made in about fifty-two; but in the case of rough weather or fogs the passengers are likely to be out three nights. It is, however, proverbially a nasty trip in the winter, owing to a choppy sea, both in and outside the Gulf Stream. The writer made in March and April two fairly pacific voyages in the *Trinidad*, but they were the exceptions of the season. Probably they are no worse than ordinary Atlantic voyages, but two or three days are not enough to give one sea-legs. The *Trinidad* makes the round trip in about ten days. In the winter, when trade demands, other vessels are put on, but the sojourner can calculate on a mail once in ten days. A steamer—one of the dirtiest—plying between Halifax and the West Indies calls there once in two weeks, and there is a cable line to Halifax, which one can use if he can think of any message important enough to pay eighty-one cents a word for, address included. This protection from the noise and excitement of modern life is one of the great charms of the island. There is scarcely any other place in the world so defended, and certainly the inhabitants of the United States can in no other two days' journey get so completely out of the world and all its uneasiness.

The climate is very equable, but damp, as it is anywhere in mid-ocean. Showers come and go suddenly, and it is not seldom windy, with days of storm. In some winters there is an excess of rain, and the potato-vines mildew. During the six weeks the writer was there, from March 7th to April 19th, the weather was almost uniformly dry, too dry for vegetation, but the wind generally blew strongly from one quarter or another. An occasional shower left no impression; the roads were almost instantly as dry after it as an asphalt pavement. The weather was, in short, delightful, with a range of temperature, night and day, from 67° to 72°. There was seldom any chill in the air; fires are scarcely needed at any time; and though the notion on the islands is that one is not inspired to much exertion, the writer and his companion found that walking ten or fifteen miles a day was a great pleasure and an increasing delight. In summer the temperature is rarely above 85°, but the steady range of even warm weather from the last of June to October is said to disincline to exertion. Still, the weather there is calm, and the opportunities for boating and fishing and driving in the fresh sea-air make it a comfortable summer residence. The inhabitants most enjoy life there then, when vegetation matures, the color of sea and sky is deepest, and business ceases.

The reader knows that the islands are a mass of limestone rock, covered with a very thin soil, reddish except where the shell sand blows over, and clad generally with cedar-trees (juniper properly), giving it a Northern aspect. Palms and many strange tropical and West Indian trees there are, some of them of large size, planted so as to make, with the frequent gardens of bananas, a picturesque and semi-tropical landscape; but these are all exotics. There is scarcely any level ground, the edges of the islands are indented and ragged in form, and the greatest height on the islands is only about one hundred and eighty feet. This irregularity of surface and of coast form is exceedingly pleasing, and everywhere offers enchanting views. Excellent roads of white limestone (made over sixty years ago by convict labor) along the sea, winding over and through the hills, sometimes cut in the rocks, among the charming plantations, and opening the most fascinating prospects of sea and gardens, and landscapes wild and cultivated, but always beautiful, offer great variety of entertainment week after week. And there is hardly a locality on the islands that it does not pay to explore on foot. The houses, even the humblest, are all of white limestone—which is cut out almost anywhere below the surface with a chisel and a saw—covered with a cement for the sake of dryness, and frequently whitewashed. Most of the houses are bungalow style, with galleries and green jalousies, and set amidst gardens of brilliant flowers and bananas and tropical trees, their appearance is homelike and beautiful. The roofs are also stone slabs whitewashed, and all of them are rain-catchers, giving into cisterns on the premises. There are, besides these, many stone rain-catchers on hill-sides, which fill the big reservoirs. The dependence of man and beast is wholly on rain-water. There are no streams in the islands, nor any springs, but here and there a shallow well, which takes the surface water that rises or falls with the salt tide underneath. This absence of streams and springs accounts for the lack of wild animal life; there are few insects—mosquitoes, yes, in the summer—and several song-birds, the most beautiful being the cardinal-grosbeak, the wood-pigeon, and the most numerous the English sparrow, which will thrive anywhere.

Perhaps the most fascinating thing about the islands is color. First, of the waters. Everywhere within the reefs the deep blue, the purple, the emerald, the iridescent hues, are something marvellous—not equalled anywhere in the Mediterranean. And the water is transparent to the bottom. There is no prettier sight anywhere than looking down through this out on the reefs upon the bright colors and exquisite forms in the sea gardens. But unless the day is calm this is a painful pleasure to those bobbing about in small boats. There is great pleasure, however, in cruising about in a sail-boat within the reefs and in the inner sounds, or in exploring in a row-boat the fantastic shores in search of coral growths and strange sea life. Of sailing and driving through the always varied and enchanting scenery, commonly in sight of the brilliantly colored waters, one never tires.

The trip is not expensive. The round voyage is fifty dollars, and some people get out of this three meals a day. There are at Hamilton two hotels of the first class, the Hamilton and the Princess, both satisfactory to any but constitutional grumblers, at which the common charge is three dollars a day or twenty dollars a week, except for special rooms; and there are several other hotels and boarding-houses, in which many respectable people are content, with lower rates, running down to ten dollars a week. In other parts of the islands are very comfortable houses of entertainment where board is had for ten and eleven dollars a week. One of these is Mrs. Swan's, on Somerset; another is Seaward, on Bailey's Bay, near Harrington Sound; and another the refined Mount Eyre, on a hill at St. George's, with which anybody almost will fall in love. There are others to suit various tastes and purses, but Hamilton itself is apt to be congested with Americans and Canadians in the height of the late winter season. Many people rent pretty places and keep house, and it is said that New-Yorkers would buy up everything and soon own all the desirable spots but for the British prohibition to sell to aliens.

Hamilton is the capital. There is the Parliament House; near the city is the Government House, the residence of the Governor, the Admiralty House, the winter residence of the Admiral, and the Prospect, the camp of the occupying regiment. A part of the regiment is, however, stationed at St. George's, and the artillery contingent is distributed in the various forts. There is a considerable naval population at the Dock-Yard, and there are usually several historic ships out of service, and generally some of the crack vessels of the squadron refitting and taking on new armament. The government has recently favored the growth of Hamilton; and St. George's, which was for two hundred years the capital, is a stagnant town dreaming on its past glories. It is, however, the most picturesque-looking, in its lanes of streets, walls, embowered houses, and gardens climbing up the hills, like a southern Italian town, most charming in its situation, and suiting exactly a tired and reminiscent person who loves quaint ways and historic flavor.

At St. George's is the old church of St. Peter's, part of which was built in 1620. There are other ancient churches in the parishes of Smith, Hamilton, and Devonshire. The islands are divided into parishes, and each has its church and semi-parochial school-house. About each church is the burial-ground, with its oven-shaped, whitewashed tombs, with scarcely any lettering to tell who lies beneath.

I must pass by in these brief notes the places of historic interest, nor can I speak much of the education or the social life. Of the 15,000 population two-thirds are colored, the descendants of the slaves emancipated sixty years ago. Nearly all the schools are board-schools, aided by the government, and nearly all of them for colored children and taught by colored people. There are two or three white schools, but scholars must go elsewhere for any higher education. Nearly all the schools have a sort of parish supervision, and the catechism is taught in them. The majority of the colored people are communicants in the Established Church, and the influence of the Church is good for manners and morals. In some of the congregations the attendants are seated without regard to color. The form of slavery was domestic, and this house contact affected the language of the colored people. Generally they speak good English, with the English accent, but some of them have learned English from the gamins. There is very little of what we call negro dialect. This sort of speech and a certain independence of manner impress one at first with the notion that the colored people have made a great advance. I fear, however, that it is superficial, and that if the negro were left to himself, in possession of the islands, he would lapse into a lower condition; for in countries where necessity for warmth and food does not require continued industry the colored man is a philosopher. Housekeepers and raisers of crops complain of the difficulty of getting good servants and industrious workmen. It seemed to me, however, that the colored people were pretty contented and enjoy life. And it is worth while, here and there, to enjoy being in this world.

One great beauty of the islands, of which I should have spoken before, is that of the marketable flowers and the flowering trees. The fields of lilies, of scarlet amaryllis, and other bulbous plants, the hedges of hibiscus, the blooming vines clambering over the rocks, and the rows and alleys and clumps of oleander add an inconceivable charm to the landscape. Perhaps the oleander is nowhere else in the world so fine. It grows to thirty feet in height, with a stem eight inches in diameter, and its mass of pink blossoms which fill the landscape in the spring makes a contrast to the blue waters which perfectly satisfies one's longing for beauty.

There are many gardens of high cultivation, with rare trees and plants, and many places of great beauty but with little pretension. These are the scenes of out-door teas, lawn-tennis, and garden parties all the season. The island society is hospitable, refined, and pleasingly provincial, altogether English in tone. It has little haste and not much worry. Of course most of the life and stir is contributed by the army and navy. Notwithstanding the reputation of the English for conservatism, not to say stolidity, wherever they go they carry gayety with good order. Dinners, dances, balls, theatricals, garden and lawn-tennis parties, reviews, sham-fights, regattas, anniversary sports, and picnics offer sufficient variety of social life. These are all as attractive to the New York belle and the man of fashion as they are to the quiet observer of the amusing fantasies of this cheerful world.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A NEW COAST-DEFENCE MONITOR.

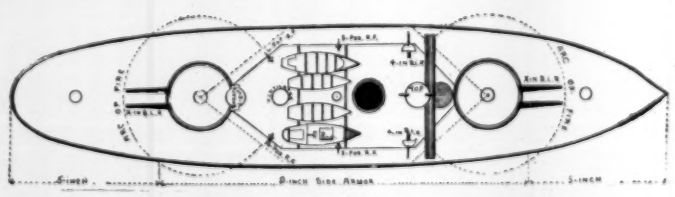
UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "AMPHITRITE."

We have in this vessel a modern embodiment of the essential features of Ericsson's famous craft, the *Monitor*. As a bit of history, the *Amphitrite* is an evolution from a small wooden iron-clad vessel, the *Tonawanda*, of 874 tons tonnage measurement, built in '62; torn to pieces, enlarged, and rebuilt of iron in '65; renamed in '69; and, by a very liberal interpretation of the power to "rebuild," broken up in '74 and accepted in part payment by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Delaware, for the construction of the new vessel. Around the few available parts, still bearing the name of *Amphitrite*, was begun the building, in iron, of the present craft of 3990 tons displacement.

Viewed in the light of our graceful cruisers, she is not a thing of beauty. Lying low, a heavy mass upon the water, her freeboard of only 25 inches making but a good step from an ordinary boat to the main-deck—awash well-nigh from stem to stern in a fair-sized sea—she has the admirable quality of great seaworthiness to commend her to the sailor mind. Rolling from side to side in so short an interval as three seconds, she is too quick to answer for a good gun-platform, but strong enough and free to nose her way through many an ugly wave, and with guns to deliver a tremendous blow, she is a foeman not to be despised under ordinary conditions.

Her sides for a distance of 138 feet amidships are of steel nine inches thick, reduced to five for the remainder. This armor-belt, which girds the entire ship, extends in diminishing thickness to a depth of four feet below the water-line, is backed by 12 inches of hard yellow pine, and, about the boilers and engines, is augmented by several feet of coal. Resting upon this belt is the main-deck of steel 1⅜ inches thick, covered with planking.

A hexagonal superstructure—in no sense of vital importance—occupies the central place on the main-deck, and within it and beneath the hurricane-deck are the senior officers' quarters. Eight feet above the main-deck, within this superstructure, is the hurricane-deck, on which, in wake of the protection of the hammock berthings, are



DECK PLAN.

the 4-inch, 6-pounder, and 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, designed to repel torpedo-boats and other light craft.

Through a water-tight door, into the superstructure, down a flight of steps to the berth-deck, up another, and we stand within the forward barbette for the 10-inch rifles. Several feet above, the guns point out through two ports in the 7½-inch armor of the turret proper, while behind the barbette wall of 11½ inches the loading, turning, and other vital mechanisms are safe from an enemy's shot. These turrets are of the Hichborn barbette type, and water-tight from the deck to the point where the guns peer over this armored citadel.

Looking forward 27 feet through the bore of either of these guns, till the 40 rifled grooves give a twisted perspective that dwindles to a seemingly impossible passage for the 10-inch armor-piercing shell, we get an idea of the source of that awful power of penetration and the origin of that mighty energy which in either gun is equal to raising the entire craft three feet and more in a second.

Raised from the hold hydraulically, the 500-pound projectile, and firing charge in two parts, each of 120 pounds, are brought to the breech of the gun and rammed home.

Up a few steps, between the guns, and we stand upon a small platform. Here, within easy reach of several levers, his head protected by the central sighting-hood of heavy

steel, the divisional officer turns the turret through an arc of 280 degrees, elevates and depresses the guns, and, at the pressure upon a tiny button, the projectile will be discharged with a velocity of 2000 feet a second, able to pierce, at a mile, 15 inches of common steel, and with an effective bombarding range of five miles and more.

The guns from either turret and upon either side can be concentrated at a point amidships within 20 feet of the vessel's side. There are no "dead angles" within the security of which an enemy could steal up undisturbed, nor a point on either broadside where all four guns could not be brought to bear upon a foe.

Just abaft and above the forward turret is placed the conning-tower, 7½ inches thick. The ventilator and the smoke-stack, for several feet above the main deck, are armored with six inches of nickel steel.

The vessel is 259½ feet long, with an extreme beam of 55 feet 10 inches, and has an average draught of 14⅓ feet of water. Her engines are of the inclined compound type, with an estimated horse-power of 1600, calculated to maintain, through the twin screws, a 12-knot speed.

Up to the armor shelf, or to the bottom of the side armor, the vessel has throughout her total length a double bottom, divided, of course, into numerous water-tight compartments, all of which are under pumping control. An exhaust system of ventilation, induced by great revolving fans, will insure a supply of fresh air even when all the hatches are battened down in bad weather.

The junior and warrant officers and the crew of 145 will be accommodated on the berth deck, ammunition and stores being stowed away in the hold.

This vessel will shortly go on her trial trip. While her hull of iron and her compound engines are not modern, as we understand that term to-day, they are both stanch and efficient, and in the *Amphitrite* we have an able adjunct to our coast defence.

R. G. SKERRETT.

AMATEUR SPORT

INTER-COLLEGIATE BASEBALL.

THE YALE NINE.

THE games thus far have demonstrated the fact that Yale's battery and out-field will be strong, and should no accident occur to Carter or Greenway the nine ought to be a hard one to defeat. The in-field, while good, may not be up to the class of the battery, second and third being new, and short stop not having worked with them. It rests with Captain Rustin, therefore, to develop that portion of his nine with vigor, in order that when he is obliged to put in his change pitchers they may be satisfactorily supported, as well as that Carter himself may have a fair show, even though he be batted occasionally within the diamond. It will be easier to judge of the substitute material and change batteries after they have had a few trials. At present Trudeau certainly shows the making of a good pitcher.

Briefly, the individual make-up of the nine is as follows: As a catcher Greenway promises to be one of the most reliable of the college back stops for the season of 1895. He is a veteran athlete, having played both baseball and football ever since he came to college, as well as before. He was end rush two years ago on the football team, and last year he was laid up by a severe cold, which threatened complications, and prevented his playing. He has begun the season well with the ball nine, and is looking better and stronger than ever. His work in the New York game, as well as in other games of the trip, shows him to be steady and reliable, and a man who can give Carter the support which he deserves. Greenway's hitting promises to be better than last year, and he can be relied upon in a tight place.

Carter pitched a good game last year, but he has grown bigger and stronger this year, and the men who have thus far faced him have found him a hard man to solve. His remarkable height and length of arm ought to give him tremendous power, and the pace he gets on the ball shows this. Two years ago his batting was not satisfactory, but this year he is hitting hard and accurately. Between the two, Carter and Greenway, Yale should certainly have a cool battery, for both men are the product of several years' hard and conscientious work. Carter also holds the men on bases more closely than he did last year.

Stephenson on first is filling the position which he has held for two years, and his size makes him an admirable mark for the infield. His greatest weakness in the past has been his slowness in getting started, and hence his inability to cover all the ground necessary. On the bag he handles himself well, both in meeting short throws and in reaching for wide ones. His batting has always been hard, and if the injury he received in the New York game does not make him shy, he should do better work with the stick this year than last.

Reddington, at second, is a Law School man. He is much lighter than the men thus far mentioned, and has also done some football work. He is spry and catlike in his

(*Continued on page 405.*)

NEW CURE FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

WE are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism that the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who will send you treatment free by mail, postpaid. It costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A POUND OF FACTS

is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris; PARK & TILFORD, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores. —[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Secret About It.

Physicians have had the formula of Scott's Emulsion for 20 years and know they can always depend upon it as being exactly the same. It contains the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the best Hypophosphites and chemically pure Glycerine, made into a perfect Emulsion that does not separate or grow rancid like other so-called Emulsions. There have been many things presented as substitutes, but there is nothing that can take its place in Consumption and all wasting diseases.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

"GENTLEMEN: Regarding prospects for the coming year, would say, *we hope to double our last year's output of Aermotors, or, at least, as we have done in the past, sell twenty-four out of every twenty-five windmills that are sold. Since commencing the sale in 1889,* WE HAVE SOLD ABOUT

500 AERMOTORS

We do not attribute this fairly good record entirely to our efforts, but to the superiority of the goods which you make. BURRILL & DAVIS. Urbana, Ill., February 18, 1895."

GENTLEMEN: We bought and put up Aermotor No. 2, and out of the first fifty which you made we had thirteen. Since that time we have sold about

400 AERMOTORS

In our small territory is represented the history of the Aermotor and the Aermotor Company from the beginning to the present hour. That history is one of unbroken triumph. Aside from the Aermotor there have been but few other windmills put up in our territory—just enough with which to compare and show the infinite superiority of the Aermotor in design, workmanship, finish (all galvanized after completion), and ability to run and do effective work when all others stand idle for want of wind. We should have sold more, but this region was well supplied with wind power when the Aermotor appeared, it being only 66 miles to Chicago, and had for years been the battle ground for ten or twelve of the largest, best known and strongest windmill companies, all being located within 50 miles of us. MUCH OF OUR BUSINESS HAS COME FROM REPLACING WOODEN AND OTHER UNSATISFACTORY WHEELS WITH AERMOTORS. You say you have during the past year surpassed any previous year's record by about one-half, and that you expect to double your last year's output the coming year. Count on us for our portion of it, for the Aermotor never stood farther above all competitors in reputation and in fact than to-day. SMITH & BRIGHT, Marengo, Ill., February 25, 1895."

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three way force pump. All dealers should have it or can get it to sell at that price. All Aermotor men will have it. The week following will appear our advertisement of galvanized steel tanks at 2½ cents per gallon. They neither shrink, leak, rust, nor make water taste bad. Aermotor Co., Chicago.

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A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Made only by The Chas. E. Hires Co., Phila.

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is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

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One reason of its great popularity is that its colors are absolutely fast.

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The "Best" Tonic

and, on retiring, took a wineglassful. It quieted my nerves almost immediately, and I went to sleep at once and slept soundly all night, and arose in the morning feeling quite refreshed. **"Best" Tonic** is the only preparation that has ever given me the slightest relief from this terrible nervousness. I have recommended it to numerous friends and acquaintances who were troubled as I was, and, without exception, they have expressed great satisfaction from the use of **"Best" Tonic.**

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"Grip?" "Best" Tonic will make you strong again.

We have issued six pretty little "Secret" Books. We will send them to you free. Mention this publication. Address . .

"PABST—MILWAUKEE"

(*Continued from page 403.*)

motions, and covers a good deal of ground. His batting promises to be good, and he seems to have good judgment.

Quimby, at short stop, has been a patient worker, and deserves a place. He is a small man and covers a good deal of ground, and has a fair throw. He needs to be quicker in handling himself after he gets the ball, and should meet it on a better bound. His batting is receiving special attention, and promises well.

Fincke, at third, is another football man, being one of the change quarters on last year's team. He is tall, and has a capital throw, swift and accurate. He is not yet thoroughly familiar with the position in the way of covering ground and working in with the short stop, but this is a matter of practice, and the Easter trip ought to improve him in this respect. He is a fair hitter and a good base-runner.

In the out-field Captain Rustin, Keator, and Speer should make a good combination and cover the ground well.

Rustin is an old reliable, has always been a good hitter, and is thoroughly familiar with his work. He has great executive ability, and should handle his nine well. Under him the base-running should improve. For the last three or four years Yale has not kept up to the point of perfection the nine used to attain in this respect, and it is necessary for them to recover form there particularly.

Keator (R.F.). Reddington (2d B.). S. L. Quimby (S.S.). Rustin (C.F.). Carter (P.). Stephenson (1st B.). Speer (L.F.).

Oliver (Sub.). McCandless (Sub.). Harris (Sub.). Fincke (3d B.). Greenway (C.). J. R. Quimby (Sub.). Twombley (Sub.). Trudeau (Change P.).

THE YALE NINE.

Keator is a good fielder, particularly strong on hard balls, but sometimes a bit careless on the easy ones. He showed great promise last year as a batsman, and has started out well this season. If he shows the improvement most men show in their second season he ought to be a hard man for any pitcher to face.

Speer is an old player and a natural free hitter. As a fielder he is clever and reliable, judging a ball well, and getting it away from him quickly where it is returned to the in-field. In fact, two of the out-fielders, namely, Rustin and Speer, handle themselves more as one would expect professionals to in the way of covering ground and getting the ball in than ordinary college fielders.

Take the nine as a whole, therefore, and in spite of their lack of winter work, there is every reason for Yale to have confidence in them. The greatest amount of attention will be paid to strengthening the left side of the diamond and making it steady.

WALTER CAMP.

THE HARVARD NINE.

THE outlook for the baseball season of 1895 at Harvard is much more encouraging than it was a year ago. First and most important of all, Colonel Samuel E. Winslow has been appointed head coach, with the unlimited authority which is his due from the confidence in him felt by the athletic committee, graduates, and undergraduates alike.

Individually the men show far better promise than even the great mass of the students realize.

Highlands and Paine are the principal candidates for pitcher's place, with Ames, Lamprey, and Gregory as substitutes.

Of Paine, who has made his mark as a high-jumper,

Stevenson (1st B.). Wrenn (2d B.). Buckman (C.). Highlands (P.). Paine (P.). Beale (R.F.).

White (Manager). Winslow (3d B.). Whittemore (S.S.). Hayes (1st B., C.F.). Scannell (C.). Rand (L.F.).

THE HARVARD NINE.

nothing certain can be said, though at times he shows singular ability in the box.

It is probable that Highlands will pitch in most of the important games. It is clear, from his work last year, that he has it in him to make a pitcher of the very first rank if he will mind his coaching and keep his temper.

But he had to pass through the fire of adversity to learn the inevitable lesson, which his famous brother had learnt so well before him, that submission to discipline and deference to authority are prime requisites in a first-class ball-player, and that to a pitcher, most of all, while control of the ball is important, control of self is more important still.

In Scannell he has a back stop of rare ability. He is a man to be relied on for steady, careful work, conscientious attention to coaching, and the sure improvement that such efforts beget.

Buckman, in last week's game, caught well, save in one inning, when he went badly to pieces, and let in several runs on passed balls. Whether he will make a useful change catcher or not depends upon himself.

Stevenson will probably play first base, as Hayes, who has been trying for that position, is likely to make one of the out-field. The former is already playing capital ball, and covers his position remarkably well for a new man so early in the season, and is batting vigorously. The candidates for second base are Wrenn and Deane. The former is playing a fine all-round game.

Kelly (S.S.). Joul (P.). Trenchard (C.F.). Bradley (R.F.). Gunster (3d B.). Wilson (P.).

Payne (L.F.). Artman (P.). Brook (2d B.). Ward (3d B.). Otto (1st B.). Williams (C.).

THE PRINCETON NINE.

Deane is light and active, and a player of great promise, but his batting has never yet been effective, and he lacks steadiness in the field. Winslow, who filled short stop's position in last year's team, was a great disappointment. But his work at third base this season has shown the most remarkable improvement, and he has played several games without an error, batting in capital shape, and running bases well.

Captain Whittemore at short stop is not doing as good work as he did a year ago. But this was to be expected of a man in the early season of his first year's captaincy. Outside of the diamond, Beale, Rand, Hayes, and Garrison are excellent judges of flies, cover a good deal of ground, and throw well. Beale will probably play right field, with Hayes and Rand at centre and left respectively, and Garrison as first substitute fielder.

Selfridge and Burgess are the other two candidates for fielders' positions, and Haskel is substitute short stop.

The nine starts in the season provided with the best coaching talent any college team has ever had, and with a conscientious, hard-working captain who acts in entire harmony with the head coach. It will have at least one excellent battery—a battery which may reach the very top if each man of the pair will make up his mind not only to perform his own part to the very best of his ability, *and keep at it on every ball*, but will also give each other that moral support which is such an all-important factor in first-class battery work, each generously striving to relieve the other from the responsibility for a mutual error—the sort of spirit that assumes more than its share of the blame, and has more to do with effective, clocklike working together than can the most persistent practice.

It is too early to say what the men will do at the bat;

Grey (R.F.). Brennan (C.). Blakeley (3d B.). Avil (S.S.). McVey (Sub. C.). Goeckle (1st B.). McIlhenny (Manager).

Blair (L.F.). Schoenhut (P.). Contrell (2d B.). Dickson (P.). Hollister (C.F.). Gorman (L.F.). Saxenmeyer (P.).

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA NINE.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(REVISED BY THE NEW RULES.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

but they made a fine showing in the first important game of the season, with Dartmouth, and though beaten by a single run, both outbatted and outfielded their opponents, Whittemore being the only man on the Harvard side to make an error. With only a few weeks' coaching they have shown that against fairly strong pitching they can at least hit the ball; and they seem to have instilled into their minds all of the fundamental lessons of Colonel Winslow's method, namely, that scientific, run-getting batting does not mean a mad swing in the hope of a long drive over the fielders' heads, but an accurate "push" that will keep the ball on the ground.

GEORGE WALTON GREENE.

PRINCETON.

PRINCETON'S chances for a good team this year are bright, providing it rids itself of the erratic playing indulged in for the last few games. Some of the old men realize what is expected of them, and are working like veritable Trojans, while the others are ambling along in a slipshod manner. The championship season will soon be upon them, and unless there is a decided stirring up, Princeton will find herself at the bottom of the heap. It is true the season has been a late one, and the frequent changing around of the men has kept matters in an undecided condition, yet these facts should not excuse the carelessness exhibited, which almost approaches indifference.

Behind the bat, Williams, Trenchard, and Titus are the candidates, with the odds in favor of Williams; but should Trenchard's arm, which was injured two years ago, grow stronger, it will be a nip and tuck race. Both men are in poor form, and show a woful lack of snap; they need to bestir themselves in order to compare favorably with the other college catchers. In the pitching department there is a wealth of material. Bradley, providing his arm holds out, will do most of the pitching in the championship games. Altman will be called in should Bradley's arm fail him. Next on the list would be Easton, a left-handed twirler; he is a Freshman, and great things are expected of him before graduation. The other candidates are Wilson, Hitzrot, and Joul.

At first base Otto has been behind his last year's form, his fielding and batting being very streaky. Cochran, the football-player, is the substitute for this position. After a great deal of experimenting Dougal Ward has been brought in from the out-field and placed on second base. This is an excellent move on Captain Brook's part; for Ward, though not a speedy man, is at all times perfectly cool and collected, which will help materially in steadying the in-field.

It has been impossible to get much of a line on Captain Brook's playing at short, but in the few games he has played his fielding has been gilt-edged, showing himself to be one of the coming short stops of the season. In hitting he is not quite up to last year's showing. Naturally this is due to the cares of the captaincy. As the season progresses and matters become more settled we will find him playing his same steady game. Gunster at third, like Otto, has been exceedingly uncertain, both in his fielding and batting. The general substitute for the in-field will probably be P. Ward.

In the out-field Princeton will be strong. Payne will give a good account of himself, and fill creditably the large hole left vacant by Mackensie, captain of last year's nine. I think Payne's playing will be the best seen on any of the college teams this season. He is batting, fielding, and running the bases in excellent shape. Easton will occupy centre-field when not in the box. His good batting has earned him this position. In right-field Altman and Bradley will alternate with Small as out-field substitute. Bradley is also putting up very speedy ball, and, like Payne, will be one of the stars of the season. In the box and at the bat he will give the famous Carter of Yale a close call for first honors.

The general work of the team can be made superior to last year's if the old men will only waken from their lethargy, put their shoulders to the wheel, and work for all that is in them.

PHILIP KING.

PENNSYLVANIA'S OUTLOOK.

THE Pennsylvania baseball team can hardly be expected to be as strong the present season as it has been during the last two. Thomas and Coogan would leave a great gap in any team. The former never had a superior in batting, fielding, and base-running in college ranks, while the latter was a good catcher. In their places are ex-Captain Hollister and little Brennan.

The strain and responsibility of the leadership seriously affected Hollister's play last year, but thus far this season his all-around performances have been up to the usual standard as set by himself two years ago. He can hardly be said to be able to fill Thomas's position, although he is a steady and reliable player who will never go very wide of the mark. Brennan is as yet an unknown quantity. He caught a very pretty game against Brown, with the exception of his weakness in handling high foul flies. If Captain Blakeley devotes sufficient time to the correction of this important feature of a catcher's work he may make a very fair back stop. He is very quick and plucky, and in these respects reminds the spectator of his predecessor. He throws hard, but is far from accurate, and loses time in getting the ball away.

The pitchers who are available at the present writing are Schoenhut, Dickson, Saxenmeyer, and Farrell. Of this quartet Schoenhut is head and shoulders above them all. In fact, there is only one college pitcher who excels him, and that is Carter. He has excellent curves, good speed, and change of pace, although he seems afraid to use his slow ball, thus cutting himself out of one of his most effective deliveries. He is a very cool, steady little player, an excellent batter, and a great all-around player. One of his chief recommendations is that he can play any position on the team nearly as well as the man who plays the position regularly.

Goeckle is on first, which means that this position is being filled for the red and blue as it is at no other college. This young man stands in a class by himself as a fielder. He is rapidly rounding up in his old form with the bat, although his eye has been a little untrue during the early spring practice. He is also the fastest sprinter on the nine.

Contrell's work at second, as far as fielding goes, is an improvement over his exhibition of last year, but he has fallen off in batting. Last season, with a man on first, he was almost sure to send the ball into right-field, but now he seems at sea, and swings at all kinds of balls with very little idea of hitting.

Avil has taken Hollister's place at short stop. He is the most brilliant and at the same time the most erratic player on the team. If he accepts his first chance in a game in good style, he is pretty sure of playing well all through; but if he starts in poorly, it seems to have a depressing effect on him during the whole contest. He is a fairly free hitter and a very clever bunter.

Captain Blakeley thus far has gone the way of all captains, but a speedy return to his last year's reliability is confidently expected. He is very young, and the responsibility of his position is resting very heavily upon his shoulders. He never was very strong at the bat, although he hits when least expected, and is a very good man for the team.

The only man left to consider is Blair. His work up to the Brown game had not been of a very satisfactory order, but on that occasion he loomed up as a star of the first magnitude, executing several beautiful plays, hitting freely, and securing a home run with the bases full.

The team as a whole is not playing the game it should. The men are not running and hitting together with perfect confidence, and utilizing every means known to modern college players which contribute to the success of a nine.

There is not that life and snap in the men that characterized the nine of '94, and which contributed to the defeat of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton by over twenty runs each. Captain Blakeley's team is also a victim of the "one-year-resident rule," as there are some brilliant players on the reserve or "ineligible" nine who would surely have places on the 'varsity were it not for the necessary probationary year they must spend. As an illustration of this, Smith and Crissinger, at second and short respectively, have no superiors in the colleges, and would greatly strengthen Pennsylvania were they on the team.

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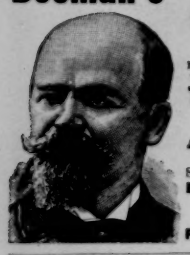

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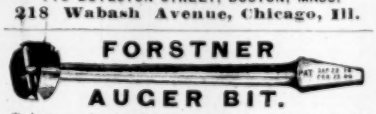

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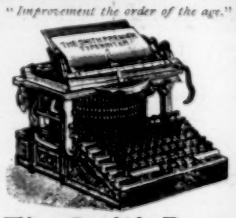

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